

**A WEDDING IN LEBANON...**

**...and other tales  
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evacuation P.28**

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FATHERS**

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# MACLEAN'S



JUL  
31st  
2006

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CANADA'S  
MAGAZINE  
OF THE  
YEAR

**Some experts say  
Israel's fight with Hezbollah  
is just another round of  
Middle Eastern violence.  
Others see it as part  
of something far  
more ominous.**

# World War III

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ISRAELI SOLDIERS fire into southern Lebanon. harsh but not unwarranted

## Not 'measured' but...

Over the past two weeks, the world has watched in horror as the Middle East's simmering tensions have boiled over yet again. The fighting was triggered by Hezbollah guerrillas who, without provocation, crossed an international border from their base in southern Lebanon and killed eight Israeli soldiers and captured two others. Hezbollah proceeded to rain shells on its neighbors, hitting targets as far as Haifa, 50 km from the border. Israel responded with consecutive days of heavy bombing, demolishing Lebanese roads, ports and airways, among other targets. By the middle of this week, at least 1,000 people were killed in at least 100 Lebanese, many of them civilians.

A large body of Canadian and international opinion remains dumbfounded by the ferocity of the Israeli response. The destruction and bloodshed appear wholly disproportionate to the initial offense, it also seems unjust to make the Lebanese people pay to atone for the actions of guerrillas operating independent of their legitimate government. We share the popular distress at the loss of innocent life, and we grieve for the destruction of Lebanon, a country that seemed to have found a relative degree of peace after its long civil war. We agree as well that Israel's army is not a stranger to excessive force and that the intensity of its response is open to question. But the answer to that question is more complicated than it appears at first blush.

Hezbollah's cross-border raid and its abduction of the two soldiers was not an isolated act by a few rogue militants. It was a calculated, symbolic attack by a recognized anti-western organization with an impressive history of violence against Israel. It was meted out with the tacit approval of the active involvement of Hezbollah's sponsors, Syria and

Iran. As Lebanese Druze leader Walid Junblat told Al Arabiya television on the week, "What is happening in Lebanon is part of the struggle between Syria and Iran on the one side and Israel on the other," and, as such, it must be considered in broader context, as part of a decades-long campaign of terror against Israel and an attempt to tip the scales of power in the Middle East. It would be foolish for Israel to mistake an organized effort to destabilize the region for a minor kidnapping operation. Its obligation to defend its citizens extends to upholding Hezbollah's ability to act as a proxy military for Iran and Syria and any other group dedicated to its annihilation. It is understandable that the whole of Lebanon suffers for a terrorist group's actions, but the Lebanese government has been placed in a recent years to give Hezbollah all the armaments it requires. Since 2004, it has been ignoring orders from the UN Security Council to renounce this arrangement and disarm all Lebanese and non-Lebanese militias south of its borders. It has refused to halt the movement of arms and personnel into the south. Hezbollah has thus been in a liberty to embed itself in the Lebanese civilian population, using non-combatants as cover for its military actions. While Israel is morally obliged to do everything in its power to avoid civil war, causation, responsibility for the deaths lies primarily with the insurgents and their allies on the Lebanese side of the border. In the second days of the onset of fighting, Prime Minister Stephen Harper characterized the Israeli response to Hezbollah's aggression as "measured." But it really has struck deep divisions at the border continue to drop. It wasn't an added effort to mark. The response was not measured. It was harsh. Unwarranted, it was not unwarranted. ■

Note: *The Maclean's* interview will return next week.

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## Saving the anti-war left from itself



ANDREW ROSS

Have you heard the latest out of England? A conservative to the wretched of democracy. No excuses or apologies for tyranny. A two-state solution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. An affirmation that the United States is a great country and nation.

These notions may seem common sense, bordering on banal. Yet they have entered quite the nuclear waste bin of the British and North American left. They are key to the new "British Manifesto," a statement of broadly left-liberal principles cooked up last spring by a collection of London-based journalists, activists and academics. First published in the *New Statesman* in early April, the manifesto was officially launched on May 25 (and is available online at [manifesto.org.uk](http://manifesto.org.uk)).

The purpose of the British Manifesto is, ostensibly, to save the left from itself. It is an attempt to draw a clear line between the social democratic liberal left and the narrow left, the latter which has, since the terrorist attacks of 9/11, made common cause with tyrants, crossed borders, and—most crucially—sold out the rights of women to constitutional freedoms, all in the service of a single-minded opposition to the United States. Granted, write the authors of the British Manifesto: "We must define ourselves against those for whom the entire progressive-democratic agenda has been subordinated to a blinker and simplicity: 'anti-imperialism' and/or hostility to the current US administration."

While it has been greeted with considerable hostility by the anti-war left, the manifesto now has more than 2,100 signatories, and it has attracted the support of some very heavy hitters, including John Burt Foster, Michael Wines, Paul Herman, and McGill sociologist Marlene Winfield. Yet it is worth asking some steps, to see how the Anglo-American left got itself into a position where it became so easy to affirm a commitment to freedom of thought and to a creed that the United States is indeed a democratic country.

By the time of 9/11, decades of consen-

sual politics had conditioned many people to see just about every major political problem as a consequence of mass society. Since the 1960s, the left has been conditioned to the idea that a response and hegemonic response—narcosis and repression in Cullen, Empire and Persuasion—in the world, given its descent to globalisation. This led to the widespread adoption of a "Jihad versus McWorld" dualistic template, which explained the attacks of 9/11 as a natural and somewhat justifiable reaction to globalisation. In general, it was the liberal terrorism, while depicted, was interpreted as an extreme form

of terrorism, with the added complication that the 9/11 terrorists were homegrown boys. In her new book *Londonistan*, Daily Mail journalist Melanie Phillips tries to explain how London came to be the major organizing center in Europe for radical Islam. Playing up the culture-war theme, Phillips contends her self with blaming the usual counterfactuals: villians, fascists, multiculturalists, university professors, and so on. While it is certainly true that many people in that group have been dangerously sympathetic toward Islamic fundamentalism (especially since 9/11), Phillips has no real explanation for why this



## In the 'Jihad vs. McWorld' model, terrorism is just an extreme bit of culture jamming

of culture jamming, with suicide bombers being merely the most concentrated members of the anti-globalisation movement. The left followed a similar path of thought when it came to understanding the American desire to topple Saddam Hussein's Baathist regime as Iraq: the invasion was immediately linked with a dystopian narrative of suburban excess—its about providing a security and cheap supply of oil to fuel the gas-guzzling SUVs that symbolized that in a nation where American consumerism.

On to the present playing field, interpreting the current cultural schism around the debate over how to deal with Islamisation into yet another clash in the culture war. The most obvious in the U.S., where the presidential election of 2004 quickly generated into another national referendum on the Vietnam War. But this way of thinking has also spread to the U.K., as that country tries to come to grips with its own outside

recruits. Leon Burt Foster called the "third face" a collection of social democratic, trade unionism, and like-minded people who would imagine the radical left by making out a position that was firmly and unapologetically liberal.

The British Manifesto has a number of flaws. Some of the principles, such as the vague and woolly-headed commitment to "equality" leave all signs of negotiation and compromise. Others, such as the pro-forma criticism of the WTO, the IMF, etc., suggest that the authors have not yet set their house in order with the market economy—a key element of liberalism as it is traditionally understood.

Still, the manifesto comes at all it is a helpful sign, not only for the left, but for anyone who believes that liberalism is the West's great political gift to the world. It is a sign of the ongoing crisis on the left that the manifesto was even necessary, and that it remains the subject of vicious debate. ■

A large cruise ship is docked at a modern pier. A person is walking on a walkway in the foreground. The ship has multiple decks and a prominent funnel. The scene is set against a clear blue sky.

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Accepted manuscript to appear in JGIM



RCMP Constables Robin Cameron, 35, and Mary Beaudry, 26, died hours apart in hospital last Sunday, nine days after they were shot near Spiritwood, Sask. Police say the officers were responding to a domestic dispute call when Curtis Dagenais, 41, fired in a pickup truck and police were close. Dagenais allegedly stopped, and shot the officers in their cruiser with a high-powered rifle as they approached. Dagenais named himself in an affidavit after a six-day manhunt.

### Stopping the madness

On first blush there was nothing worth celebrating in the discovery of Canada's seventh case of mad cow disease. Especially worrisome is the fact that the animal was born just four years

We recently told you about sa-  
tharines in Rockdale, Australia,  
using the music of Barry Manilow  
to dispel the crowds of loopy teens  
from a local park on weekends.  
(*Manilow's* June 19) Turns out the

## FACE OF THE WEEK

Mega-philanthropies; Bill Gates and Warren Buffett have given a lot of attention in recent weeks for their multi-billion-dollar gifts to charity, and now it's time their generosity to part of a much larger trend. A new study by the New York-based Foundation Center shows that so far, corporate charitable giving rose 12 per cent in 2005, to \$15.9 billion, due largely to donations to relief efforts following the Asian tsunami and hurricane Katrina. Turns out those companies for which aren't such bad ones after all.

It's not exactly the freedom marches revisited, but we suspect Martin Luther King Jr. would still be proud. This week, Harry Belafonte became the first black journalist to anchor the flagship evening newscast on French TV network TF1. Meanwhile, team managers named Ashwell Prince

## Who's your Vladdy?

Mravinski had hoped that week's G8 summit might provide an opportunity to reach out to Vladimir Putin, but the Russian president seems intent on seeing divisions at the ranks at every opportunity. First, he cracked that Dick Cheney's recent rebuke of Russia's slide back toward authoritarianism was an "unsuccessful hearing shoe." Later, at a news conference, Putin responded to some negative mudslinging from Washington by saying

According to the University of Virginia, research that older drivers are much more likely to be killed or injured in a car crash despite the fact they are more likely to take precautions, such as wearing a seatbelt and sticking to the speed limit. That is especially frightening considering Ontario Trucking Industry estimates that truckers are some of the oldest workers in the country, with about 25 per cent of them likely to retire within the next few years. As if you didn't already have enough reason to steer clear of the 18-wheelers on the highway.

CHUM TV has picked up the option to broadcast the brilliant HBO series *Eastwings* in Canada, starting this fall. Better than nothing, but the network plans to start at the beginning of season one, whereas HBO viewers are now midway through season three. Anyone with direct access to the U.S. program will know that James Cameron's *Agnes of God* is the breakout hit of the summer. As for the rest of you, just wait. You'll get the picks this couple of years. ■

But he didn't want Russia "to have the same kind of democracy that they have in Iraq," "to get rid of laughter from the press corps and finally, he discussed talk of sanctions against Iraq over its nuclear program as "premature." None to Washington: the world isn't even bother with the Iraqis' clothing anymore.

**Yoooooooo-ah! Redux**  
Democratic National Committee chair Bill Clinton said that Iraq is at his will-eyed best than Saddam. Dean was keynote speaker at at the conference in San Diego called the Democracyfest, and in the main

bleating growler is bugging more than just the kids. Local residents are now complaining about the ever-spilling contents of Capuchinos and Can't-Juice Wastelife Inc. "I'm not disputing what the residents are saying," Mayor Bill Sarnoventos says. "I can't envision some of the trucks, like Manateé." The town is pledging to lower the volume and regulate the hours, to our great relief. We had worried that this crude and unusual form of crowd control might spread. In a word, we have Manateé confined to the Las Vegas Friars, and that's where we want him kept.



7 DAYS

## A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF MUBIN SHAIKH

The outspoken Islamic activist who once campaigned for Sharia law in Canada revealed an astonishing secret: he had worked as an RCMP informant within a group now accused of plotting terrorist acts in Toronto and Ottawa. Shaikh declared himself a defender of Islam, but also Canadian secular values. A lawyer for the accused men said the revelation showed the Minister had no case against Shaikh to manufacture one. The RCMP refused to comment on Shaikh's disclosure.

## DISCOVERY

### The big picture

The world's largest photograph has been taken in California, using an aerial hangar in the canopy and a pumped sand hole in the hangar wall as the lens. Working exactly like simple pinhole cameras, the hangar has produced an image 28 by 108 feet on a light-sensitive sheet of cloth a third the size of a football field. Forty volunteers helped the cloth in a developing basin to produce an image of an airport control tower, palm trees and a portable toilet.

### Shelley's back

Poets everywhere breathe it going unnoted, but a poem by Percy Shelley has gone unnoted for 160 years. The 179 line sonnet, *Practical Easy*, condemned the devastation of war and colonial rule in India. Shelley wrote it to reward his friend Robert Haywood, a radical who had been imprisoned for libel after he wrote about the gritty aspects of a disastrous British military expedition in the Netherlands. Although it was published pseudonymously, the missing verse may have con-

tributed to Shelley's expulsion from Oxford University.

### Hard candy

Mex chocolate melts at between 23° F and 33° F, making it impractical to sell it in the tropics without refrigeration. But food chemists at the Cocoa Research Institute of Nigeria have discovered a way of using oven candy to thicken chocolate while maintaining the treat's overall color, taste and consistency. One drawback of previous attempts at tropical-friendly chocolate has been that it wouldn't set, even in consumers' mouths. It still won't set, but, resulting in a waxy chew.

## WILD KINGDOM

### Meerkat lessons

It's known that animals learn by observation, but so are human-guided evidence of animals actually teaching their young. Until now, Cambridge University researchers have recorded meerkats showing their cubs how to handle captured insects and even how to remove the stinger from wasps, which form part of the small African animals' diet.



GRANT CATFISH: A sandy-sided line on fishing

"Although there are anecdotal reports of watching in species from chimpanzees to killer whales, until this year solid evidence was really lacking," notes researcher Alex Thornton at the University of Michigan, who was chosen for study because of their varied diet of social animals that, like the scorpions, are difficult for meerkats only to handle. Thornton believes this careful research of other mammals and even insects may yet prove that other species foster learning in their young.

### Saving the giants

Thai and Lao fishermen along the Mekong River, which forms part of Thailand's boundary with Laos, have agreed to stop catching the river's giant catfish. The beluga catfish are the world's largest freshwater fish, attaining three-meter lengths and weighing up to 300 kg. Hailed as a major conservation effort, the ban considers with a tracking program intended to discover the giant's migration patterns and breeding grounds. Experts believe that only a few hundred giant catfish have survived the overfishing that reduced their population by 50 percent in the last 50 years. Helping the ban is a US\$100 reward for each giant catfish sent to the fishermen's market.

## MORTALITY

### Take and damage

There's no direct evidence linking marijuana with lung cancer, but last week a review of nearly 20 years' research indicates that smoking the weed can create changes in lung tissue that might lower the organ's resistance to cancer. Spanish and Hong Kong studies on numerous smokers shown more cancer-prone qualities among marijuana smokers than tobacco smokers. These include oxidative stress, dysfunctional tumour-fighting cells, and DNA and tissue structural changes.

### Inkjet drugs

Getting people to take the right doses of the right drugs is a tough job for doctors and drug companies. Hewlett-Packard, which makes inkjet printers for offices, has proposed adapting its technology to dispensing pharmaceuticals. Patients would put their capsules against a cartridge akin to those found in inkjet printers, which would spray a measured dose. The proposal includes a sensor to prevent too-frequent dosing, and the machine would be password-protected so only the prescribed user could access the drug. And if someone breaks into a HP propo-



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## THE WEEK AHEAD...DEEP TROUBLE AND DEEP PURPLE

Along with its second-quarter results, Boeing is expected to announce major sales of its new 747-8 jumbo, bolstering its lead over troubled rival Airbus, which is suffering design and production setbacks for its A350 and 380 plane. Airbus woes are so deep the French government is expected to intervene next week. Meanwhile, Doug Purple, boasting they haven't cancelled a performance yet on their tour, have vowed to go ahead with concert at the Redbreck Music Festival near Seattle.

rounding the prescribed drug with another drug that would neutralize it if the machine is tampered with.

### Rollover risks

The strategy of your insurance company to roll over an accident depends on which side of the car you're sitting, new research presented at the Society for Academic Traffic Injury Medicine indicates. If a car rolls onto the driver's side, the passenger on the right will experience the bigger injury if the car rolls around the passenger side. If the driver who takes the crash hits the theory, according to findings reported by Darrin J. LeBlanc, of the University of Mississippi, is that passengers travelling on the outside of the arc of a rollover will experience a 6 to 10 times greater chance of death than those travelling on the inside of the arc. In SUVs, which have higher centres of gravity, the chances of death on the outside are even greater. The safest spot? The middle of the back seat.

## KIDS TODAY

### Early acceptance

A five-year-old boy has been enrolled in a Florida kindergarten on a girl, with the consent of his parents, medical officials and school authorities. They have decided that because the boy has gender dysphoria, his reliance on being female rather than male, prefers girls' clothing, and dislikes his male body. The young transgendered child ever admitted to South Florida schools, he will wear neutral clothing and use a gender-neutral washroom. Rather than a developmental phase, gender dysphoria is thought to begin in the womb. The Florida admittance follows one in April in Japan, where school authorities agreed to enroll a boy as a girl.

### Anti-bullying surgery

In a desperate bid to escape the trauma of bullying, 46 schoolgirls in Scotland under the age of 18 have undergone breast reduction or enlargement operations. As well, 530 children have had their sex pulled back and 21 have received nose jobs. The procedures all stem from unbearable abuse from the recipients' peers. Although health experts counsel against such surgery in bodies that are still developing, public health funding has paid for all the operations, even when there was no deliberate

## POLL WATCH

### Planned pregnancies

New research shows a significant number of girls as young as 13 actually plan their pregnancies. A study by the Joseph Rowntree Foundation discovered that many British girls believe that having a child is better than getting a low-paid, dead-end job. Some said they wanted to correct unhappy men in their own childhoods by

## When lying's okay

Guilt about lying is a relative thing for many Americans. Although half of others say that lying is never justified, two-thirds admit to telling white lies, which they say are often necessary, such as in avoiding hurting someone's feelings. Four in 10 say it's okay to exaggerate to improve a story, while a third told lying about one's age, and about being sick when they need a day off, is acceptable. However, lying on tax returns, about marital affairs, and on resumes, is not considered acceptable.

### National service

French Defence Minister Michèle Alliot-Marie describes the response as "monstrous" but is a new poll, 69 per cent of her countrymen say it was a mistake to abolish compulsory service in the armed forces. Mandatory military service ended after 26 years in 1996. At the time, France's President Jacques Chirac described conscription that supplied a half-million strong armed force as "excessive and ponderous." But in these polls, 44 per cent support some sort of mandatory military national service, while 46 per cent or more would support voluntary non-military service.

## IN OTHER NEWS

### Undermant incubation



NOTE: FOLLOWS roughly in a circle

stones and goldfish birds, both endangered species. Flynd claimed the eggs were a present for his girlfriend, but a judge has ruled he planned to sell the birds abroad. He has been fined \$21,000. Although four birds survived their special incubation, two others were damaged and never hatched.

IN PASSING

## Gerald C. Gidycz, PhD, correspondence

With partner Louis Stein he started the Halfway Cattle Co. in 1906, naming it after Stein's wife and son. They dug clay out of the Arkansas River and sold it in part as Peach Blossom Fuel. In 1916, by 1916, Goldwyn was still serving as chairman of what had become a publicly traded company. It was sold to Unilever the year for \$100,000.

**Mickey Spillane**, 58, blood and guts crime novelist: He started as a comic book writer, penning stories for Batman, then created the pulp fiction character Mike Hammer in 1946. Spillane uses him in 11 books, including *Kiss Me Deadly*, which became a much respected film. **M**



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# DRYDEN'S TIGHT JEANS & THOSE HERDING GENES

## OTTAWA OUTTAKES BY MITCHEL RAPHAEL



COLLEEN (one person) KLEIN

### PLEASE DON'T FEED THE LIBERALS

At the zoo, all sorts of transgressions may be observed, so it was somewhat appropriate that the Liberal Party of Canada in Alberta held its Stampede breakfast fundraiser at the Calgary Zoo. They sat up near the elephants.

(Couldn't they at least have chosen animals without Republican connotations?) Many of the fed-reil Liberal leadership hopefuls were on hand to address the crowd. Scott Brison was stylish.

7 for All Black-and jeans, others stuck to classic Levi's Red Tabs. Michael Ignatieff: W 34 L 32. Gerard Kennedy in W 31 L 32. And Ben Dryden, W 38 L 36, said, "I'd like to thank my blue jeans for letting me see them one more time. But after I got them on, I realized I still had to put on my shoes!" A silent auction included a copy of the *Charity Act* photographed by Brigitte Elias, Ben Dryden's wife, book *The Game* (it won for \$60) and three copies of Michael Ignatieff's *The Right to Revolution* published in 2008 (\$10 for

all three). Carolyn Bennett's 2006 book *Full or Cure? How Canadians can Revitalize Their Health Care System* sold for \$70, but it came with a red-velvet cowboy hat.

### MRS. KLEIN DOESN'T FLIP FOR ANYONE

The first dog that dealers offer upon the streets of Calgary these days is a collie, a sign of popularity even though, as Premier Ralph Klein's wife, Colleen, says, "The collie breed is so overpriced it's taken down the price of collies." Colleen Klein is the chair of the Premier's Task Force on Crystal Meth and is about to complete a report on Calgary's meth problem. She attended the premier's annual polo breakfast, but "I never flip anything. I just admire. I'm not a breakfast person. I don't eat breakfast." Wearing one of the two pairs of cowboy boots she owns, Mrs. Klein confessed that after 26 years of collecting western clothes for countless political occasions, she has a special cowboy dog. As for the rest of her wardrobe: "I think a

small bedroom and turned it into a walk-in closet."

### THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MULLIKENS

Liberal MP Peter Mulliken, the spouse of the House, was at this year's Calgary Stampede supporting his sister, Amanda Mulliken, who competed in the World Stock Dog Championship, an event at which owners use whistles to get their dogs to herd sheep around barrels, through chutes and finally into a pen, in under four minutes. Clearly the Mulliken family excels at maintaining order whether it be of the bar, bar, bar or black, black, black variety. Amanda Mulliken's dog, Bart, a border collie from a brown kennel, is the current North American champion dog and will be defending his title in September. At the Stampede, Mulliken wore peachy orange crop pants and a silky top which she bought in New York. "All these western guys are always trying to make me dress like a cowboy," says the



AMANDA MULLIKEN and her dog Bart, (left) Peter Mulliken

Keynote, Ont., native. "And they know I am a card-carrying Liberal. They are always giving me hell when I come out. They have to yell."

### MPS JUST NOT PROMISCUOUS ENOUGH

MPs Robyn Joffe, Helena Guergis, Jason Kenney and Peter Mulliken, as well as senior



POSTAGE: VIP bumps MP

members of the PMO, arrived over an hour at Calgary's hip metropolitan nightclub Myra, only to be told they would not be able to get into the club's VIP area. "Nelly Furtado walks in with her 25 horses," quipped one of the MPs, and "my jeans chopped love!"

Mitchel Raphael can be contacted at mitchelraphael@torstar.com.

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THE PREMIER argues that it's time Newfoundlanders became "masters of their own destiny." Too bad there are nine other premiers.

## GO AHEAD, TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT

**Danny Williams loves a fight. So he keeps on picking them.**

BY NICHOLAS KÖHLER • To Newfoundlanders, Danny Williams is a Sen. King chugging light on a limit of once-daily prospects. To most Canadians, he is a Latin-like figure, raging against all comers—down the middle of the table in a former Beetle—from the porch of his rocky throne. The truth is the Williams, entering his third year as premier and poised to lead his provincial counterparts into a new round of negotiations with Ottawa over the fiscal imbroglio, is both things at once, a man torn between making Newfoundland and Labrador the province want to become—energy dynamo of wind, oil, gas and hydroelectric potential that could one day light up a good portion of the northeastern seaboard—and his own aspiration as an ego-driven scrapper afraid of nothing but a deal that doesn't go his way.

As a cable TV tycoon, Williams curiously negotiated with Rogers Communications Inc. over the sale of his business, and purchased more than 13,000 million when he eventually got his way. Then, from a beleaguered Peel

Martin doghouse to media prime minister, Williams cornered a \$1-billion deal permitting Newfoundland and Labrador to keep both its own offshore energy revenues and its exploration payments as a have-not corner of Canada. That political brinkmanship—which included a bold move to pull down Canadian flags across the province—allowed Williams to drag Newfoundland from the edge of bankruptcy, something when had been approaching a \$1-billion provincial deficit one year ago into a \$75.5 million surplus this spring.

He's won his share of awards, not least because, critics say, he's got unshakable confidence in those himself into every fight that comes along. Even one with Paul McCartney and his now-estranged wife Heather Mills, with whom he debated the deal that on Larry King Live. ("Let's forget that you don't care about the humanity," Mills told him.) Williams keeps a large snapshot from the musician's face alongside McCartney's—in his St. John's office, a trophy that says a lot about his pugna nature. But there are indications now that the game of chicken—his preferred sport and means of battle—may deliver the premier to no more gold on eggs. In an interview with Maclean's last week,

the premier backed down from nothing—incredibly, he says, that's part of his very DNA as a Newfoundlanders. "We're lovers and we're fighters," Williams says. "Newfoundlanders and Labradorians like to be loved. But by the same token, they like to fight far what they believe in. And I try to embody that." But as he's poised to take over as chairman of the Council of the Federation—provincial and territorial leaders are to meet with him next week in St. John's—the premier faces a myriad of challenges.

One with big oil. Williams has charged that ExxonMobil Canada's demands in the \$5-billion Hibernia Sea Nerve offshore oil project, an important step in Newfoundland's goal of achieving "true" as opposed to "house" status, are just the start of a long line of oil concessions involved in the province—Chevron Canada, Enbridge, Suncor, Hydro Canada and Petro Canada—had once appeared down to a deal. But also failed over his desire for an equity stake in the project and the consortium's demand for an upfront worth \$100 million. Williams held the blame on ExxonMobil, which walked away from the table alongside its partners. The premier responded by suggesting that Newfoundland could buy out the oil giant's share in Hibernia. ExxonMobil declined. Now the premier is seeking follow-fund legislation that would remove development rights in oil fields that remain undeveloped for too long back to government—a gambit that several sources to draw comparisons between him and Venezuela's nationalist leader Hugo Chávez. The premier is unapologetic, saying at big oil. "I think they know that while I'm here they're going to be expected to have a tough bargain."

the latest push at the table arrived last week, when the distressed Enbridge was low-balling revenues in Alberta, a spectacularly successful effort at concealment. "When big oil comes in here and sits at the table from me and some guy says, 'Ah, partner, you know, we're really not making a lot of money on this particular project,'" Williams says—affixing a credible Texas drawl—"that gets me angry." In a letter sent to Prime Minister Stephen Harper, Williams challenged the federal government, which owns 8 percent of Enbridge, to toughen up its credit the commission demands in Hebron. He also reminded Harper that he expects his support on follow-up legislation, which must be passed federally. "The Hebron project costs \$10

million a year—he doesn't see industry as primary cashflow—has not been matched by the scandal and whose local popularity is rising almost without parallel." Williams has asked Derek Green, chief justice of the New Brunswick Supreme Court's trial division, to look into the spending of assembly members, while the police are investigating the scandal. "We basically sealed in this immediately," says the premier. "There's no cover-up going on in any manner whatsoever."

The premier, then, is handling a spending scandal while trying to rattle down an oil consortium. Now he's about to wade into the equalization mess yet again—at a time when falling resource rich could mean becoming equalization poor. Chairing the Council of

national University in St. John's. In June, the premier first saw a report commissioned by the former Liberal federal government that proposed including 50 per cent of natural resource revenues (file oil) in the formula that determines equalization payments. Williams claims it wouldn't Newfoundland send \$180 million annually and "curbed" consequences. But other provinces, Quebec among them, are anxious for changes and wonder why resource revenues shouldn't be included.

Adding oil and gas as ingredients in the equation determining how the feds distribute cash to the have-nots—those provinces and territories (all of them) excluding Ontario, Alberta and Saskatchewan—who could financial help in order to provide a standard set of services—could threaten the \$1-billion deal into which Williams has embarked.

"Those gains were more political than policy-oriented," says Tremblay. "Their opportunities probably won't be preserved again." With Harper's mind in a majority and eager to please, vote-rich Quebec, a scheme that allows non-renewable energy revenues from provinces like Alberta and Newfoundland is not irreversible. "Quebec certainly has some barriers here," concedes Williams. "On the other hand, the Prime Minister has to be very wary of the power base in Alberta." Still, he adds, "any government that tried to claw back that \$1 billion, either by taking it away from us or otherwise taking it from us in some other format, will get the full brunt of my wrath." Asked how he could prevent it, Williams read only that Finance Minister Jim Flaherty has committed to preserving the Martin deal. "I don't expect them to turn around and flip-flop on that," says Williams, who holds out hope that as chair he'll be



## HE'S GONE HEAD TO HEAD WITH PAUL MARTIN, BIG OIL, AND A FORMER BEATLE. NOW HE'S TAKING ON THE FEDS AND OTHER PROVINCES.

the Federation is bound to put Williams at loggerheads both with Harper, who has promised to resolve the fiscal crisis, and with many of his provincial counterparts, some of whom harbor competing visions of fiscal federalism. As for Harper, he has lately not been one of the premier's favorite people. The Prime Minister refused to be drawn into the Hebron case and didn't back his fellow Tory, saying Williams was in heaven. The premier didn't thank much of the outcome: "I think it would have been better if he'd said nothing," he told Maclean's.

The prospect of rearranging equalization, the issue that priorities to be chief among the premier's concerns since work, does not suit Williams. "He'd prefer not to revisit it," says Stephen Tremblay, a political strategist who

able to write a compromise from his partners—even if he himself is not known for it. "With any good solution," he says, "people sometimes will have to hold their nose."

But Quebec's strong position vis-à-vis Harper may mean that it's Williams who's doing the nose holding. Indeed, what leverage Williams could have with either the Prime Minister or the premiers remains something of a mystery. Still, the premier may have some wrath left in him—in the form of the \$6-billion to \$9-billion Lower Churchill River hydroelectric project in Labrador, a little earlier to the infamous 1998 Upper Churchill development and the passed capacity into Quebec's oilfield and rebuffed Newfoundland of the deal. Just weeks after the Hebron calls broke down in April, Williams declared that New

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foundland would reject several offers to partner on the hydroelectric project and would develop it on its own. "We're going to own it and we're going to develop it, as opposed to what we've done before—[a] kind of hand-off," says Williams, referring to Upper Churchill.

At home, where his stand against big oil has only heightened his popularity, the premier picks the end of controlling Churchill by arguing it's not Newfoundland's because "most of our ownership... is given almost designed to create companies in the 'western' that new" slogan of Queen's University Queen's, CIBC joins in the project as well without risk—not the least of which is that it was a crisis of trust for Quebec's gov. No matter Williams continues a Newfoundland and capable of slipping the yoke of equalization within the next 10 years and prevent the Helson and his allies in Ontario—of Quebec behaves itself and provides the money necessary in the future required. "Quebec needs this project to build that it would be a shame—on absolute share—if Ontario doesn't get it," says Williams. If either Quebec or Ontario doesn't co-operate, well, New England's back in (although the idea of a merger of a marine route that bypasses Quebec and flows energy from Labrador to, say, Boston, would be a price tag worthy of NASA). Meanwhile, Williams laughs at the irony of big oil throwing its weight around Newfoundland and even as the Chénier "are looking on our doorstep day looking to develop our projects." If, as Williams has described it in the past, Newfoundland is to be become an "energy warehouse," then its premier will become a power broker—politically as well as economically.

This fall, of course, is in the day Helson is called and the Lower Churchill is embargoed. But Williams has made a career in it several. From calling TV stations to defend letters to go getting permission for tough talk and a referee for the well-known fight. Still, the question remains: how long before Newfoundland's and pursuing lands here in Philadelphia, a permanent resident? The wealthy Williams, likely the first premier in the history of his province whose quality of life has been diminished by the job, makes no attempt to self-pollute the loss of public life. "I've paid a huge price to be premier," he says. "I'm not under a microscope, you're in a fiddler and you're every minute in question and scrutinized." Outside, eight floors below his office, the Canadian flag is once pulled down to push an issue with Paul Martin flag in half from a new Newfoundlanders dead in a military helicopter crash off Nova Scotia. "There's not a day that goes by when I don't say, 'I don't need that,'" he says. But given the odds with which he speaks of his own as battles, it's hard to believe that either. ■

## TILL FRAUD DO US PART

To get into Canada, foreigners are running marriage scams

BY CAMERON ADAMS/STAFF WRITER • Nadine Dhillon left her husband, S. G., home in April 2004 along with her family and traveled to India for a consent she had long wanted for. After selecting a traditional suit dress with her mother and cousin in her native province of Punjab, Dhillon set the girl wedding scene in an arranged marriage with a man she had never met but with whom she expected to share the rest of her life in Canada. Three weeks later she returned to Montreal, where the 38-year-old works as a computer technician, and submitted a sponsor ship application from along with a \$1,525 immigration fee to enable her new husband to gain entry into Canada.

Five months later, Dhillon's husband, who had been recommended by relatives, arrived. But Dhillon's dream of a happy marriage quickly turned into a nightmare when, she says, he told her he had only wed her to immigrate to Canada, and then disappeared without a trace. "I can't really explain what's happening with me. It's really hard to tolerate," she says. "I never had any suspicion he was going to do that to me." But Dhillon's story is not a unique one. Increasing numbers of Canadians are becoming victims of sham marriages, sometimes financially drained by the devious acts of foreigners who used them to enter the country. To make matters worse, Ottawa requires Canadians to support their spouses for a period of up to three years, until a sponsored spouse receives any government income assistance during that time, their provincial government is permitted to pursue repayment.

Dhillon believes her husband, luckily, has a job and has received no government assistance. But her family put forward a \$20,000

dowry, not a pittance of which has been returned. Dhillon doesn't even know where the man is currently living. Her family learned contacting his family in India, but they keep discontinuing the phone. He has applied for a divorce, but Dhillon wants the marriage annulled and the government to deport him back to India. "If I don't do that, it means they are promoting fraud marriages," she says. "And people will do it over and over again."

To combat escalating incidents of sham marriages, the Vancouver-based Canadian Marriage Fraud Victim Society is petitioning Ottawa to change the Immigration Act to deter foreign spouses from using Canadians to obtain residency with the objective of leaving them once they reach Canada. "We are suggesting they must live together or the divorce shouldn't be considered earlier than three years," says spokesperson Krishna Bhojra. "They won't get married simply to come to Canada, but for life-long companionship. This is what marriage is all about."

**SHE MARRIED IN INDIA, THEN PAID A \$1,525 IMMIGRATION FEE TO BRING HER HUSBAND TO CANADA. HE PROMPTLY DISAPPEARED.**

New Democrat MLA Raj Chhokar, however, believes such a change would do more harm than good. "There is no quick fix," he says. "It's an issue that requires all of us to discuss, debate and then come up with some kind of suggestion." There will likely be people willing to live through three years of a sham marriage to stay in Canada, Chhokar fears that could force a woman to suffer a possibly abusive relationship for that time. "We will not just like a slave," he says.

To find a viable solution, Chhokar is spearheading a campaign to inform Canadians about fraud marriages, and he is raising the issue in the provincial legislature. He also believes it is essential to construct a support network for victims. "We need to let them know they are not alone," he says. "Public awareness is so crucial for people to understand." But Dhillon hopes some type of legislation is passed soon so that others are protected from the pain she has with. "I am really afraid now. I don't even trust in men."



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### A FALLEN AIRMAN'S REASON FOR FLYING

Flight engineer Sgt. Paul Stodd of 402nd Air Force, once explained that he went into civil and aerospace work on a Cessna helicopter because his brother died aboard a Canadian Forces helicopter in 2000. "If I can bring some person home, then I'll go down with him," he said. "I can't go down with him." Last week, the Stodd family attended another funeral, that of Paul Stodd, who died in another armed forces helicopter crash along with two others.

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# 'STOP DOING THIS S...'

the misapprehension of Iraq), but Bush's logic is pretty sound. The bloody current graph kidnapping of two Israeli soldiers last week is the spark for a still-continuing cycle of attacks and retaliation—almost certainly had the blessing of Hezbollah's key patrons, Syria and Iran. And although for their Assad's alliance over Lebanon affairs has lessened since last year's "Cedar Revolution," Assad's shadow looms over his southern neighbor. Recognizing the solution is no guarantee of success, however, As Bush and Blair have learned in Iraq, problems are easy to nail on in Middle Eastern politics, it's more difficult to avoid stepping in the m.

The speed with which a long-running conflict suddenly went to full ball last week is a prime example. Lebanon's transformation from neighborhood doorman to its big democracy seemed to be well underway. The country had been rebuilt after decades of civil war, its economy was booming, and the end of foreign occupation promised an opportunity for real political reform. Domestic and international pressure to dislodge Hezbollah—the UN Security Council passed a resolution in 2004—was growing. The militant group has an estimated 600 full-time fighters, but can draw on reserves of 3,000 to 4,000 well-trained veterans. Even the terror organization's bases (schooled by veterans from the Israeli Defense Forces) that it had obtained long-range missiles, capable of hitting deep into Israeli territory, hadn't significantly altered tensions along the border. It was a rapid conflict, occasional rocket barrages from the guerrillas, met with heavy Israeli bombardments, followed by long periods of calm.

And since the UNF completed its pullout of southern Lebanon after almost 20 years of occupation in 2000, the Israeli government seemed to have laid out its exit strategy the war, no matter what the provocation. In October 2000, Hezbollah staged a similar raid, abducting three soldiers. They were only returned—in body bags—in January 2004, after Israel released a large number of Palestinian and Lebanese prisoners. A similar abduction attempt last November in the western Galilee valley was foiled by UNF paratroopers.

Why was it so different this time? Prime Minister Stephen Harper called Israel's first major air assault on Lebanon's civilian infrastructure—roads, bridges, power plants—a "preemptive" response, but few in the world community agree. And even as Hezbollah's leader, Sheikh Hassan Nasrallah, vowed an all-out war with Israel, there were few signs that his organization had been preparing for such a conflict. "I think Hezbollah was surprised by the Israeli response. I think they thought it would be minimal," says Eyal Zisser, a Lebanese specialist with the Dayton Center at Tel Aviv University. The militia's primary motivation in staging the kidnapping appeared to be to copy to take some pressure off Hamas (Hezbollah, which is Shi'ite, and Hamas, a Sunni organization, are not mutual allies, but have found common cause in their shared hatred of the old Arab proverb goes, the enemy of my enemy is my friend.) The Palestinian militant group snatched another Israeli soldier, Gold Shalit, on June 25, and Israel had been pawing at Gaza strength in an effort to secure his release for more than three weeks. What Hezbollah may not have fully comprehended is the changed political dynamics

**Face-to-face talks with Iran may be the only way now to rein in Hezbollah. But will George W. Bush, the man who branded Iran part of the 'Axis of Evil,' ever agree to that? It seems unlikely.**

BY JONATHAN GATEHOUSE

**M**ake no mistake, George W. Bush will not be remembered as one of history's most eloquent orators. He's overly fond of telling tales, prone to making up words, and a frequent brawler with quotes. Every once in a while, however, he demonstrates an admirable capacity to put complex problems into terms anyone can understand.

With Hezbollah's guerrillas launching rockets at Israeli cities, the Jewish state responding by striking targets all over Lebanon, and desperate civilians—including an estimated 50,000 Canadian citizens—trying to flee the chaos, most people's heads are filled with visions of oil and headshots. But Bush, be-

THE DAMAGE DONE: Medics transport a boy injured in an Israeli strike on Lebanon

WILLIAM BOLTON/REUTERS





## MAGNETIC JULY 1976

branded rule of the Ottoman Empire, which controlled much of the Near East at the time. The 800+ crimes in 1996 stretched off Lebanon's second wave, one that gained momentum during and after Lebanon's 15-year civil war that broke out in 1975. Between 1981 and 2001, more than 49,000 people from Lebanon packed their bags and left for Canada. According to the 2001 census, there are almost 144,000 ethnic Lebanese across Canada, by far Montreal's largest concentration of Lebanese.

Their nightly newscasts are now broadening such horrific snapshots the country has shocked Lebanese Canadians, who had grown accustomed to thinking of the nation as a peaceful, if not chaotic, vacation spot. Martin Chouad, the Lebanese-born co-owner and director of the National Council on Canada Arab Relations, had visited Lebanon while he was working as a Canadian representative on the international team that assisted with last year's landmark election in Iraq. "You would guess that this could never happen

determined number of Canadians, in the south. Chouad's relatives found an apartment in Beirut, but quickly had to move to another when they realized the first one was near a bridge that might well be a target for an airstrike. His nephews are terrified by the sound of bombs and Israeli jets overhead. "The 10-year-old won't leave the side of his uncle," he still. Like so many others, Chouad is worried that countless Canadians simply won't be able to reach the boats waiting for them at the port. "The only way is for them to walk through all sorts of rough terrain, and people are afraid to be mistaken for guerrilla fighters," he said. "I'm extremely concerned about Canadians in the middle. I don't want them to be collateral damage."

Karen Kikou, a photography student in Montreal, was born in Canada but has spent most of her life in the Midwest. She has been visiting Lebanon since May, and as the bombs exploded, she remained in Beirut, determined to capture the tracks alongside family and friends. "I am so angry at what is happening," she says. "I have no interest in leaving. I would rather die at home than be running."

Bernard Chouad's displeasure to get out. He left Lebanon for Quebec 30 years ago, becoming a permanent resident and opening a Greek restaurant in Chateaufort. Two weeks ago, he flew back to his home country for the first time to attend his cousin's wedding. It has been a roller coaster two weeks, to say the least. Days after he landed, Canadian immigration officials left a message at his house, saying he was approved to renew his citizenship test. He had to postpone the appointment. Then, when the attack began, he spent hours lined up outside the Canadian embassy, trying to explain his predicament to overworked staff. Because he is a permanent resident—not a citizen—officials said he would have to wait and catch a ride on one of the later ships.

So, while his parents and two sisters were preparing to leave, Chouad was bracing himself for another week in Lebanon. Still, unlike so many others, the 76-year-old had nothing but kind words for the Canadian government. "I can't say enough thanks," he says. "It can't say thanks a million times. They are opening their heart to get every Canadian out of there." ■

With Martin Patzquin and John Goulde

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH D. LEONARD



## 'I DON'T WANT CANADIANS TO BE COLLATERAL DAMAGE'

about 50,000 Syrians. Most are Christians, but there is also a significant Muslim contingent. There are several reasons why they chose Montreal, including the fact that many Lebanese speak French and are Catholic. "They migrate easily," says Hoss Hilbi, a distinguished professor emeritus of political science at Montreal's Concordia University. "And many have intermarried with Canadians."

In 1977, Ottawa began to permit dual citizenship, and today almost 22,000 Lebanese Canadians hold that distinction. "Their Canadian nationality opens doors for them," Hilbi says. "It's good for business, and when you travel and say, 'Look, I'm Canadian,' you have an open door." When Lebanon's civil war ended, a number of expats who had obtained their Canadian citizenship returned to live there again. Three years ago, Hilbi visited Lebanon and was amazed. "It was delightful to see how the place was coming back to life," he says. "It was remarkable, the way the country was being rebuilt."



A MONTREAL mosque for the Al-Ansari family killed in Lebanon

again," Chouad said. "A large portion of the large Lebanese community in Canada goes back in summer for holidays."

Chouad went mother, brother, sister in law and two nephews, aged five and 16, were visiting in southern Lebanon when the war was along the Israeli border. He heard up the week. They drove through Beirut barely ahead of Israeli's bombing of roads and bridges, which trapped thousands, including an an-



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'We're in the early stages  
of what I would describe as the

# THIRD WORLD WAR

and, frankly...we don't have  
the right attitude.'

—Newt Gingrich, on NBC's *Meet the Press*, July 16, 2006



REUTERS/DAVID J. PHILLIPS

seems, as Gingrich now says "I believe if you take all the countries [just listed], that you've been covering, put them on a map, look at all the different countries, you'll have to say to yourself this is, in fact, World War III. You've got to understand these decision-makers all talk in such effect," he continued. "There's public fear going from North Korea's admission of the imminent visit with Kim Jong Il the dictator, and a North Korean missile manufacturing facility. The Iranian has announced a stance of Shimon Believer in Tehran to prove their solidarity with Venezuela. Iran, these folks think on a global basis."

For adherents of this view, calling a world war was not just a matter of tone-deafness. It implies a course of action for the United States, if not all the West. If, for example, the current fighting between Hezbollah and Israel leads to an attack on Israel by Syria or Iran, Gingrich asserted, it should be considered an attack on the United States. "I'm saying the first step has to be to understand, that as an alliance—Syria, Iran, Hezbollah, Hamas—and you can't deal with it in isolation."

Perhaps wanting to see whether this was merely one conservative's off the cuff remark, CNN's Larry King read the quote out on another Republican presidential candidate, Arizona Senator John McCain, who serves on the armed services committee and spent years as a POW in Vietnam. McCain said he agreed with Gingrich "to some extent. I think it's important to recognize that we have terrorist organizations who are dangerous by themselves, and are now being supported by radical Islamic governments."

Gingrich and McCain were only the high-profile voices in a flurry of discussion about whether a third world war is indeed underway. "This is the Hitler taking over Czechoslovakia. That's the stage we're at right now," former CIA officer Robert Baer told CNN's *Frontline* News last week. (Baer was the inspiration for George Clooney's character in the Oscar-winning film *Syriana*.) *American Enterprise* Institute director Michael Ledeen said, "I don't see why it's not the start of World War IV [the third having been the Cold War] and this is begun with the Iranian host age crisis of 1979. The world war talk predicated to the point that the liberal media watchdog group, Media Matters for America, began keeping a tally on their website."

But the discussion has not been confined to talk-show cable surfing. Serious players in the unfolding crisis have been talking this way since long before this latest round of violence in the Middle East. Speaking to *The Economist* magazine in 2004, the former head of the Israeli intelligence service Mossad, Efraim Halevy, said of former CIA director George Tenet: "Mr. Tenet was in office for

JULY 18, 2006



'In the context of combatting terror, it would have catastrophic to frame this as WWII'

because it does feed directly into fear that the West and the U.S. in particular is at war with Islam.'

—P.J. Crowley, *Canstar for American Progress*

seven years and his many successors cannot be publicly avoided. Bush-era neo-conservatives of which one can speak, the neo-cons he had of pulling together a genuine international effort to third world war against Islamic terror and the proliferation of WMD."

More recently, the Israeli ambassador to the United Nations, Dan Cliverson, told the *Security Council* on May 19: "Today we must act and emphatically so. If this terrorism is indeed the third world war. This is World War Three. As this is a world war, the allies should fight this war of terror, just as they fought the Axis. We beg the United Nations, Syria and the terror organizations they finance, harbor, support and support," accusing them of being "innocent when they are." The Syrian diplomat, Ahmed Alkhatib, countered that if it was a world war, Israelis to blame. "The constitution of UN-ESCO tells us that 'war begins in the minds of men,' and it appears that this is what is in the mind of Israel," he said.

Even U.S. President George W. Bush, who has emphasized diplomacy over confrontations in dealing with the nuclear threats from North Korea and Iran, has himself used the phrase. In May, referring to the passenger revolt on hijacked flight 66 on Sept. 11, 2001, he said, "I believe that it was the first counter-attack to World War III." (The President was commenting on a *Wall Street Journal* essay by

MAY 6, 2006



'I believe that it was the first counter-attack to WWII.'

—George W. Bush, referring to the passenger revolt that took place on flight 66 on 9/11















"WE'RE GOING TO DO a bit of baby handling," the instructor said. And with a grin, he remembers, "always wipe down. Never up."

## Reporting for diaper drill, sir!

At these boot camps, nervous new dads learn from male 'veterans'

**BY CHARLIE GILLER** • When we learned last fall that the war pregnant, my wife and I found ourselves tossed on the sea of confusion common to prospective parents. There was joy, understandably, in the prospect of the impending changes to our lives. My own fears were fueled by trials too embarrassing to admit. I had never changed a diaper, never held an infant, hardly even held baby. As a journalist crossing the country and occasionally the globe, I had left in my care to others, figuring I could learn it all later by trial and error. Judging from the obvious anxiety in the eyes of the few parents who left their youngsters in my hands, this was poor reasoning. When babies made their way around rooms full of gleeful relatives, I was deemed most likely to fail.

Which is how I found myself recently in a low-key hospital annex in Orange County, California, one of 12 five-day boot camps where, like soldiers hitting rock bottom, had read-

denly realized they desperately needed help. The workshop was one of hundreds run each year under the heading, "Boot Camp For New Dads," a fast-growing U.S. movement that pits jittery pops to be together with "veterans" fathers and their infants—all in the name of hands-on experience. Two previous Boot Camp attendees, James and Joe, were waiting in my class with their somewhat older children, Sarah and Patrick, some made-or-bought baby for the judgmental gaze of 6 male onlookers. The judge panel, presumably, would measure us with tales of how they conquered a diaper rash and late night feedings.

Peer instruction for inexperienced fathers is an idea that seems long overdue—especially, one assumes, by the same parents that long on from asking for directions when driving on strange roads. With wonderfully measured in the workshop, one in whose first assembly picked them up when they were infants are now expected—and most cases were—so approach child rearing as a parent. "It's many have put off, often, learning the ropes of soothing, feeding, changing and we are gripped by our own igno-

rance as the big day approaches. And it's not like there's much in the way of guidance. Personal programs in Canada tend to focus on mothers and the nuances of child birth, while much of the authoritative chatter darts at young parents' changes to resolve male anxiety." "It's one thing to say your marriage is going to change," quipped one new father I met recently. "But when the hell does that mean? Change into what?"

For Greg Bailey, founder and "head coach" of the Boot Camp across the U.S., the forced edge popped out for an organized response. "I have 12 brothers and sisters," he said during an interview in his cluttered headquarters in Irvine, Calif. "I took care of lots of babies and changed lots of diapers, and after four of any one, I felt a lot of stress would enjoy their babies more if they had a basic instruction." But Bailey had chosen first a basic the great emergency of male inexperience: a somewhat comical by made, he had been in emergency rooms as well-treated babies who hadn't been fed, or had been accidentally dropped or shaken by frantic fathers who simply lacked the skills to quiet their crying.

His concept was brilliant in an simplicity. Being a new dad with two babies so far could actually work a guy changing diapers and making up formula. Let the newborn rule all the rapid questions they're afraid to utter with their own hands. "Women have instant networks for info," he says. "Men don't." The first few sessions were held at the Irvine Medical Center and advertised as "Booster

Camps," a reference to infant formulas that melted poorly with masculine sensibility (not to mention hip-hop slang). "Boot Camp" relocated better, and since the first one back in June 1996, fully 150,000 have attended the workshops in 210 locations across the States. A group in London, Ont., is looking at being the first to offer the program in Canada.

Contrary to their moniker, the workshops themselves strike a nice balance of therapy and male camaraderie. The one I attended in Orange County was led by Robert Grand, a 39-year-old school teacher in cargo shorts, his head shaved to the back. Striding a whiteboard at the head of the room, he seemed oblivious to the din of a gas-powered pressure washer operating outside, while he addily reassuring/roaring babies might make fear in a lot of men, we could day it out enough of a reassured jet engine. "We're gonna talk about caring for infants," he half-shouted. "We're going to do a lot of baby handling and then we're going to talk about caring for mothers. One of your most important roles as dad is being there for mom."

The latter point is something Grand re-

peated, the way in honest dad. Nowadays there's young children for the first time. "It's all the cooking, cleaning and shopping," raved Grand, who has also spent the past few months overseeing construction of a new home in Yonkers. "We're homeboys," he added, sounding still shocked. "The amount of stuff that's been going on in my life is just amazing. I've only recently felt like we have it under control."

That sense of panic is exactly the stuff that made it to some of prospective dads. But he's up before it would be nearly as acute if men knew how parenting can be to spend time—so close to the stuff of investment ads I don't quite read my screen carefully before the workshop. Bailey had told me that men's emotional link with their babies tends to lag behind the other wives. "Mothers are hard-wired to make that connection through nine months of pregnancy," he said, "but men do catch up." I could say what he meant.

The baby-handling primer, meanwhile, could not have been more timely. Days after I returned home, my wife went into early labor, and siblings later, I was getting into

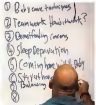
software writer who moonlights as a general contractor, regularly quiescent with a good and formal. When the time came to change her diapers, we crowded around. "Always wipe down, never up," he said, manner of feebly demonstrating. The rest of us looked on in awe.

Our other veteran father, Joe, joined young Patrick on the floor of a neighboring dad, who then passed him to me. The child was unambiguously cute. Kicked out in a New York Yankees outfit, he turned inwardly while pulling on my ear. Suddenly, fatherhood seemed both more daunting and more intense—so close to the stuff of investment ads I don't quite read my screen carefully before the workshop. Bailey had told me that men's emotional link with their babies tends to lag behind the other wives. "Mothers are hard-wired to make that connection through nine months of pregnancy," he said, "but men do catch up." I could say what he meant.

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DON'T BE AFRAID to tell your in-laws to back off, says instructor Robert Grand (middle). "This is your family. Take command of it."



everybody and install infant car seats. Not every man's cup of tea, but the organizers, Greg Weinbaum, who named the program "one of the month" for his efforts.

Boot Camp is where those theories come to life. What if my baby won't stop crying? Well, chances are the will-of-the-wind soothing is a placebo rather than a task. In our session, James's daughter Sarah found a bit as the naming went on. That he did, a charity

the eyes of my baby girl. Boot Camp baby's eye is unimpressed. For days, I handled happily with spit and infant wear, swaddling right in will have been organic. But I'm warning, as a tenderfoot serves his first night in the woods. No fathering lesson will make you the model of the modern male parent, but this one at least teaches you how to suckle. And welcome addressing could be so much fun. ■



**CALIFORNIA: FIREFIGHTERS PUT ON URGENT DIETS** To banish firefighters it is known as "the considered ground hunk." But to quit ruminating the end of careers near San Diego, it's harsh. Various residents worried about wildfires are increasingly hitting goals to eat dry bread. The community recently raised funds to have the animals for a nearby canyon. It's cost-effective too: the USFS 70 per cent it needs to pay the goat's owners is one-fifth the price of hiring a human crew to clear the land.

# BREAKUP BLAST

Rejection can trigger a brain 'primed to do something dangerous'

BY CELIA MEYER • What went on in Frank Duffy's brain before he killed his own wife, himself and their three children in a five-year postmortem? While Duffy may have been abusive and controlling toward his wife for years, what put him over the edge was his misanthropic, dark inner rage, says a report in *Open Mind* 2, 2006, he burned his farm house to the ground, taking all five lives.

What happened in Mary Dutton's brain to make her husband's girlfriend look Dupont to death? Dupont had broken up with David, but he had continued to pursue her obsessively nine months after the breakup, on Nov. 11, 2005, he attacked and killed her at Hôpital Général in Montreal, Que., where they both worked. He then took an overdose of drugs, and died a few days later.

New research in brain chemistry provides insight into two of Canada's most recent and gruesome cases of domestic murder. Helen Fisher, a research professor in the anthropology department at Rutgers University in New York, believes love is an addiction, and being rejected is like going through a chemical withdrawal. Seeking to find the chemical basis for the intense feelings such as longing, euphoria, despair and pining—she has used functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI) to study the brains of people happily in love. Her scientific explorations of love and a nasty personal breakup led her into the realm of rejection, and what happens in the brain when someone is dumped.

In a recent study, Fisher conducted brain scans on 10 women and five men who were in love (but had recently been rejected). While in the fMRI machine, they were shown a picture of their ex-lover. "Being rejected activates one of the most powerful brain systems



ALL THAT REMAINS: Details from the burned-out home of the Duffy family, April 2006

on earth," she found. "Romantic rejection is so awful. Not only linked to the individual and family members, but also society."

Rejected lovers showed greater activity in an area of the brain called the nucleus accumbens. This region is associated with risk

**HER ADVICE? "WHEN SOMEONE SAYS, 'MY WIFE IS LEAVING ME,' YOU HAVE TO TAKE IT SERIOUSLY"**



FRANK MULLOY: Mulloy visited family photo

taking, gambling, focused attention on a person, and motivation to win. "When someone is lying in the fMRI machine looking at a picture of the person who rejected them, those brain centres wake up because they are working harder. When you look at the brain that by itself, it is not doing much, but when you look at the brain that is lying in the fMRI machine looking at a picture of the person who rejected them, those brain centres wake up because they are working harder. When you look at the brain that by itself, it is not doing much, but when you look at the brain that is lying in the fMRI machine looking at a picture of the person who rejected them, those brain centres wake up because they are working harder."

Fisher's team also found activity in the anterior insular cortex, which is associated with pain in skin and muscles, and the lateral orbital frontal cortex, a region linked to controlling anger, obsessive-compulsive behaviour, and rumination on the intentions and actions of others. "Add it all up and you've got a brain that's primed to do something dangerous," she says. "This work leads us to understand more clearly the science of ad-

dition. It helps us understand more about seeking and avoiding rage."

Her advice? "When someone says, 'My wife is leaving me,' you've got to take it seriously. There are changes going on in the brain and some people can't deal with these. They are a serious liability to themselves and others. It's a medical emergency."

While brain scans may be able to show the depth of someone's brain activity, an fMRI alone cannot reveal how well he or she deals with anguish. Though these changes in the brain may occur constantly in both men and women, they only trigger violence in a few. "This is because most people can control their impulses. Fisher calls this "a missing link of culture over biology."

In 2004, 94 people in Canada were killed by a current or former intimate partner, according to the latest figures from Statistics Canada. By far the majority of these cases are males killing females. In most cases, family homicides involve a single shot. But when several victims are killed (in seven per cent of cases), it is typically the perpetrator's own children who are also victims. Most of these multiple killings take place in the wake of the accused, 95 per cent of whom are male. "These men likely to turn abusive are those who are demanding and needy, and whose self-worth is very dependent on their partner," says Antonio Henderson, a research psychologist in Vancouver who studies partner abuse.

## FRANKENBURGER IS NO OVERNIGHT SUCCESS

Fast food critic has developed a cult, albeit the kind that grows in a petri dish. Vladimir Morozov, a U.S. scientist, calls him the "first" Frankfurter in the late 19th century. From a hot dog stand, selling sausages and beer, he says the "first" Frankfurter was a success, too. So he has attracted no investors, he efforts to build a company by the unimpaired of the technique. "It's not the 'Frankfurter' meat," he protests. "It's the 'Frankfurter' technique."

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### film

Apparently there's nothing quite so hot as having sex with a woman who has superpowers. She'll throw you backwords onto the bed, rip your clothes off faster than a live crook peeling a shrimp, and make the earth quake. Literally. In *My Super Ex-Girlfriend*, with Tina Thurman in charge, the bad (teen?) just became up and down. It's hot back and forth across

Lewis), G-Girl holds her superpowers to reduce his life to rubble (a rare fit of jealous rage, she's a great white shark through his window) and it chases him around the room, hanging in his armpit noogie. Talk about vagina devore: *Friend* would have a field day.

Film acrosses are always complaining about the dearth of strong female roles. Be careful what you wish for. This is the summer of superwomen who are not just empowered, but overpowering. The current hero of *Superman Returns* is a reluctant pushover compared to some of the female warriors outing a wuth across the screen this season. Leading the pack is Meryl Streep, as a don't-mess-with-me fashion editor with ice in her veins in *The Devil Wears Prada*. And when it comes to the more warm-blooded Anne Hathaway (a cop), she's quite the superhero herself, once she learns to quick-change into the Chanel costume and make her cellphone like a zombie-bomb detonator. In *Prison of the Grapes* (Dead Man's Chest, Kate Winslet), no longer content to be a mere damsel in distress, takes

on who cheats a moment with an employee as he's about to be assassinated by a doorman. Favorite: This is a vision of sister heaven, a woman in which dumb-on-lower has to choose between two friends, dead-on women who both claim to know what's good

**WITH 'MY SUPER EX-GIRLFRIEND' CANADIAN DIRECTOR IVAN REITMAN GRADUATES FROM GHOSTBUSTERS TO BALLBUSTERS**



# TOO HOT TO HANDLE

**The Man of Steel looks like a wimp next to the alpha females who are raising hell in this summer's movies.** BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

the floor with every thrust until it darts right through the wall into the next apartment. Just in the movie, whenever the sex is unbelievable, but there has to be a catch. As *Final Attraction* taught us, powerful women come at a price.

Thurman plays a voracious art gallery employee who has a secret life as a G-Girl, a Manhattan superhero. Art gallery employees seem to be Hollywood's new code for empowered female in a mixed-up relationship with a regular guy. Jennifer Aniston played one in *The Break-Up*, and now Thurman often as Aniston's hero: in the break-up comedy—avoiding a lot of brouhaha. The regular guy is a mild-mannered architect named Matt (Liam Neeson) who can't believe his luck—he's doing a war, a nuclear super hero—until the comic movie's worn off. Suddenly he finds himself caught in the super-guy of a woman who, to quote his best friend, is "acrobatic, powerful and controlling—the trifecta." In our hero's recent on-the-confusing embrace of an off-camera (Nathan



**WOMEN MAKEBROS** for every taste: **LINA THURMAN** (left), **Meryl Streep** (top left), **Reese Witherspoon** (top right), **Anna Kendrick** (top right) with a vengeance. And this month marks the release of three movies in which our paymaster first looks for female women who are clearly out of their league.

In *Kevin-Said-I'm-Dead* (L), a disliking Reese Witherspoon plays the manager of a large restaurant

for him, in *Scary Movie* (L), Johnson plays a teenage young journalist crafting a serial killer, while Woody Allen tags along as her sleazy-cut sidekick. And in the absurdist sketch comedy of *Stranger With Candy*, Amy Poehler stars as a middle-aged, bisexual, ex-con junkie whose guy goes back to high school and wrecks havoc. Incidentally, it's also another movie in which an overused woman shows a guy backwords into a bed. *My Super Ex-Girlfriend* is one of those high-concept comedies that adds up to less than the sum of its parts. But Thurman is a treat. She brings through the movie as if channeling a very bitch-like sense of the power she played in Quentin Tarantino's *Kill Bill*. It would be hard to find a *Gladiator* further removed from *Samurai* than *My Super Ex-Girlfriend's* Canadian director, Ivan Reitman. With movies like *Mean Girls*, *Scary Movie*, and *Gladiator*, Reitman emerged as a go-to guy for the first generation of slacker comedy. And as a producer of movies ranging from *Animal House* to *Old School*—

**film** with a *Thinker Park* logo feature due out next fall—he keeps mining that same vein. But this new movie is his first that could be considered a true romantic comedy. At 55, Benetian is finally toying with issues of adult sexuality, even if they're tinged too comic-book fantasy. With *My Super Ex-Girlfriend*, Keaton graduates from ghostbusters to hulkbusters.

**I**t's a sunny July morning in Manhattan. Reitman holds court in a high-rise boardroom overlooking Central Park, which stretches through the haze 41 floors below. The *Caddy* boss director (who fled to Canada with his family at 4 and moved to Los Angeles in the late 1970s) has spent most of his life in California. But he has filmed

One movie in New York City. And it from the first shot of *My Sister Sam*—an aerial close-up that swoops past the gilded torch of the Statue of Liberty, New York's goddess-in-residence—the film has the look of an old-fashioned Manhattan romance: "It's a bit of a love letter to the city," says Restman, who adds that, as an immigrant, he feels a personal connection to the Statue of Liberty. No kidding: In *Ghostbusters II*, it came to life and took a destructive stroll down Fifth Avenue. "She's tough," said Bill Murray's character. "She's a badass chick!"



WILSON plays the shy, sensible Everyman who gets rolled up with a test machine.

With *Grav*, Reinman joins an another postmodernist dias in a quest. But New Yorkers have become so fixated for larger-than-life catastrophes that the notion of a spiritual lover leaving a trail of destruction doesn't seem far-fetched. The day before the Reinman interview, a gas explosion reduced a Manhattan townhouse to rubble as what appeared to be a suicide attempt by someone destroying a cohabited asset in a selfish decision. "The first thought," says Reinman, "were not that some idiot doctor committed suicide by blowing up his building. It was, 'Oranged, is al Qaeda here?' In this day of glooming of something, larger!"

Ever since 9/11, that Superman line, "Look up in the sky, is it a bird, is it a plane?" has ac-



NO ONE, INCLUDING THE SCREENWRITER, IS QUITE SURE WHAT THE 'G' STANDS FOR, ALTHOUGH 'G SPOT' IS A WELCOME INVUENDO

quarrelsome commerce. One keeps expecting terms, or subversion, to come down from the heavens. And G. Giff is very much a Miami Latin superhero. Zipping across the sky as a twin white jet airplane, she's a career woman on the move, considering a New York move is more or less imminent. She also has a New York life's natural importance: Desperate for a new real life, she seizes the constant demands of saving the world. But like Stopp's *Prada* is business, she leaves the costumes that come with the job, and has quite a range to choose from. G. Giff's real New Yorker who has strayed

says Kostman, explaining that Thurman got highly involved in selecting her superheros wardrobe: "She wanted to be comfortable, she wanted to be frilly, she wanted to be strong. There was a scene where we go into her bathroom, which was basically a big closet, and we reveal all this stuff. There's probably Prada outfits there." The scene was dropped early on, he adds, "and in retrospect it should have come back into the film."

As for the G-Gal manifest, the movie's screenwriter, Doug Payne, explains that the name came up within. "Originally she was 'G,' says Payne, who wrote the script as a spec while working at a water bar. The Suge was 'X.' It had the double meaning of being an ex, but the studio was worried that it'd be too close to X-Men. We went through a number of alternatives—Alpha Girl, Gamma Girl, and so on." No one, including the writers, is quite sure where the "G" stands for, although "G" is a welcome innuendo. As Thurman said, coyly deflecting a question: "It's a great coincidence. 'Has anybody ever said the letter 'G' in any other context?'"

Payne, who describes himself as a fierce comic-book nerd, and looks the part, says, "I think every comic-book geek has wondered at some point what it would be like to be wa-

a super-empowered woman. It's every guy's fantasy, and nightmare." The superhero in this PG-rated movie, which involves no nudity and is used purely for comic effect, mostly involves super-fence. "At one point," says Pagano, "the set became faster and faster, but that noise was dropped."

Thurman, it seems, can play a voracious man-eater in her sleep, but what's most startling about her performance is the way she handles the Clark Kent side of her character (in a brunette wig and glasses), especially when she becomes desperately clingy. "I liked that vulnerability in a really sweet



bold character," says Thurman, "but [she] does things where you're just crying to squeeze, and it's like a bar of soap—the more you squeeze, the further it flies." As Luke Wilson pointed out in an interview later, "The fact that Uma is smart and intelligent and independent makes it particularly funny when she's being meanly."

she's no frigidist housewife, and My Super 8 is more what you'd call a chick flick. The story unfolds from the guy's point of view. When plays the shy, sensible Everyman who gets mixed up with a sex machine. His mistake according to his portraying badly (Karen WM says), was that he didn't ditch her after the first night of fabulous passion. And you can practically see the guy in the audience nodding in agreement. Sure, have a few kinks with the Amazons are born to, but many of the ones co-workers who can't live best friends.

Despite one sifty pilot and an original premise, the formula's been fired, and melted in the final act. *Reinvention* is an old hand at gripping a separatist and patriotic cause that's scar-bossed comedy, but here the balance seems a bit off. Even Leslie Wulfsberg appears to dream the film with *Star Trek*ian "What asked about Reinvention" (the first sci-fi/religious dystopian I've worked with)." Who's recognition his gift for naming cosmic values? "There are no many little old men and women" that he's tucked in the movie. But he also plays him a backhanded compliment: "He's not in his ways, and has far more than he knows work."

As the quiet, less-famous kid brother of Wedding Crasher Owen Wilson, Lake has the enviable job of playing Thurman's self-effacing underdog man. It's a delicious formula.

on sensitive gay issues partly habe—until he and his rebel on it more heavily than Woody Allen. In *Scout*, he reaches to romantic self-protection, casting himself as a doleful misanthrope who turns up with a student journalist (Jo Harrison) to solve a murder in London (Thankfully, there's no romance between them; despite the odd creepy aria of Manhattan Scout in an unusual register, another step in Allen's weird progression of winning back his disloyal wife). With ironic deference, he lets Jo Harrison make him look like an idiot, while she plays an old man's ideal of manhood: a gadabout—a nymph with glasses who sleeps with her subject to add a score

But in *My Sister Sam*, With Candy, Any Redd boldly reverses the dynamic. To play Jerry Black, the ex-con who's back in high school making a name for himself as a handsome jock who wears fat pants, affects an over-the-top accent like a dangerous, over-the-top child. The movie is a low gross, antic force out of subculture con comely farangs with devilish wit. With director Pat Dineen and co-writer Stephen Callbert playing out and raising as gay teachers, it bristles with sharp scenes from the class of Sarah Jessica Parker, Matthew Road and Philip Seymour Hoffman. And in the ugly midst, Redd has a real character. Interviewed by phone, she says, "People go so disappointed when they find out I'm not a lesbian." **B**

Beliefs is surprised that women are so opinionated rather than the rule is manhood. "I think women do push things around. With the guys I know, the girls always have the upper hand. Most of them, it's like, 'I'll have to say my yes or no or get laid.' It's unbelievable." Thomson agrees. "I see women as incredibly strong and creative creatures," she said in New York. "I rarely meet a weak woman any more. Women are stronger than they're presented to be and are more sensitive. 'Get lost' acts out what a lot of women desire, of the idea 'Imagine a woman in brocade' she heard she then out to the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and plucks a great white shark from the sea. I think that's chugging into the female part of the vernacular—'Coit's switch on for her, she's damn chugging. She's got the great white shark going.'"<sup>10</sup>

Someone call Steven Spielberg. Maybe it's time to remake *Jaws*, with a woman's touch. **M**



## Professor in need of girlfriend



**SLUFFY RESNICK**

During these fleeting summer months, there's nothing I enjoy more than sitting out back on the deck—a cold beer, one hand, and in the other a nice fresh slice

ific journal. Only by keeping abreast of the latest research papers in such publications as *Tabology* ("Celestial overtones in the blood new!"), *Evolutionary Psychology* ("No Freudian navigational strategies of women and *Entertainment Weekly* ("Jewica Nibba our Muz-Gif of pammest") can I realize the humane credentials required to produce another edifying installment of *This Just In*.

**SUCH AS VISITING.** This just is. A considerable large number of dinosaurs, from the tyrannosaur family died just as they were crossing their physical prime—and it may have been the stress and that did them in.

That's the conclusion of a team of scientists that studied several fossilized specimens of the species *Albertosaurus sarcophagus*—found grouped together in an Alberta quarry in 1913. According to scientists, this collection of 21 skeletons contains the best evidence that tyrannosaurs were gregarious, social animals—and not only because of the fossils' bowl of keys found beside them.

The point is that life was pretty easy until your typical young adolescent until the summer of '01, at which point so many of those young people crashed emotionally. "It seems as if the symposium has a mid-life crisis," said Gregory Brinkman of Florida State University. Some were filled in combat fighting fatigue. Others perished of starvation while protecting their prey. "For our adolescent age it is a game," a few males—subconsciously resisting the slanders of parenthood—died because the wheel of a interview they were driven recklessly in an effort to compensate for the perceived loss of match, young gay sex.

Finally, it is estimated that only two per cent of the tyrannosaur population ever reached its maximum size. (To put that in perspective, maximum size was achieved by 51 per cent of the population of *Saururus*.)

further supported by the recent discovery of another fossilized relic, dated to roughly 70 million years ago.

Dear Diary,  
 "Protein-rich" Monday my dream  
 disfigurements totally told me he was a one-  
 kilo-ton female male. And then I walk in  
 on him dismembering a terrapin with  
 that shiny porcelain fume. TUES, I WILD  
 DELIVER HIM

**This point:** Scientists and Andy Gibbon agree—desire that love is both higher than a motivation and truer than a wish. New a group of researchers is making the case that love is even more potent than sexual desire.

**Researcher:** Love is one of the most powerful of all human experiences," claims Helen Fisher, an anthropologist at Rutgers University. Her study found that romantic thoughts are processed in parts of the brain that are rich in dopamine, a chemical that affects emotions, whereas sexual desire is typically controlled by the part of the brain known as the hypothalamus.

Professor Fisher's findings about the power of love over sex were immediately dismissed

SOMETIMES DISGUST MUST BE TEMPERED  
SUCH AS WHEN CARING FOR AN INFANT OR  
VISITING RELATIVES WHO ARE WEALTHY

by certain observers, such as men.

This just in: An Australian study has found that new mothers are less offended by the smell of their own baby's farts than by the fumes of other infants.

**Terror Case of Macquarie University** misled 13 mothers to stuff unlabeled soiled diapers belonging to both their own child and others from an unrelated baby. In response, four found their own child's diaper less revolting, two had no preference and seven mothers slowly huddled away from the podium and then migrated from the room, calling him a perv.

One possibility raised by the study is that the women's reactions reveals an "evolutionary adaptation" that enables mothers to overcome their natural disgust to properly care for their offspring. (Meanwhile, one possibility raised by the study is that professor Case doesn't have a girlfriend.)

According to scientists, disgust is a useful human reaction that helps protect us from things that can make us ill—but there are instances in which disgust must be tempered, such as when caring for an infant or visiting elderly relatives who are immobile.

Professor Case's findings are published in this month's edition of the academic journal *We Care This Close Person?* ■

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THE DIRECTOR OF *Mer-Sheer*: The *Water Girl* wanted the creature to look more like Walter Matthau than the Loch Ness monster

## Ogopogo gets drawn Down Under

**First he had to leave Lake Okanagan behind. Then the Maori insisted he get a new name.**

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Ogopogo is Canada's own Loch Ness monster, a serpentine creature which is rumored to dwell in the depths of B.C.'s Lake Okanagan. It's a local tourist attraction, with a pedigree dating back to ancient times. And now he's making his big-screen debut in a movie. But in working his way to the screen, Ogopogo got relocated to a lake in New Zealand, was forced by a Maori chief to change his name, and underwent a makeover so he'd look like Walter Matthau.

We've got used to seeing Canadian-made monster movies on Canadian (Midwest) in Canada: Alberta plays Wyoming in *Brokedog*; *Mean* said: But that is a new twist, a case of Hollywood North going south—so far south it ended up Down Under. *Mer-Sheer: The Water Girl* is a \$40-million German U.K. co-production. But it's Disney-like family adventure in scenic Canada, is written by a Canadian, and has a largely Canadian cast—including Bruce Greenwood, Ian Jackson and Daniel Magder (Tina Turner's co-star in *The Kill*). Greenwood plays an American company operative on a mission to recover an invaluable find he'd that sinks to the bottom of a remote Canadian lake in his helicopter crash. Tugging along is his 14-year-old son (Magder), who discovers and befriends the lake creature.

But the filmmakers say they had trouble finding a remote lake in Canada to serve as a location. "How? This country has over three million lakes. How can that be?"

Barry Anderson, the movie's Okanagan-born writer and coproducer, can explain. But the story just got stranger: Anderson, who just turned 78, has an eclectic resume that in-

cludes staging pop acts such as the Gracorns, recording a 2005 hit single called *No Charge* (as J.J. Barrie), and writing a gift service for German television. While developing scripts at England's Kensington Studios, Anderson stumbled across a magazine article about Ogopogo, which inspired his script. British director John Henderson agreed to direct it, even though he'd already made an effect-lake monster movie, *Jack Frost* (1998).

The filmmakers first hoped to shoot on Lake Okanagan. But they found it too crowded with luxury cottages. The location was shifted to Lake Waikarepo, which "seemed ideal," says Anderson. Then, under schedule was delayed, the producers got spooked by the prospect of an early Maori winter. And so they chose New Zealand, where the seasons are reversed. The movie chased some complications: Whoopi Goldberg had been cast to play Crazy Norzsa, a native woman who feeds the lake monster, but she couldn't fly to New Zealand. Asked how a black screen could have played an Aboriginal, Anderson says, "We were willing to fudge it. We thought she was such a good actress she could have passed with the right make-up. At least she had a name, and we was trying to get names."

Goldberg was replaced by Maori actress Rena Owen (*Dear White People*). But there was another snag: A Maori chief insisted a

chief letter from a Canadian native protesting that Ogopogo was a sacred name. "I had every other Indian chief you can imagine telling me not to change the name," says Anderson. "But the Maori had even one complaint was enough, and we couldn't use their idea if we didn't change it." Anderson changed Ogopogo to *Mer-Sheer*, a name he invented.

Meanwhile, Jan Hansen's Creature Shop designed *Mer-Sheer* with two guidelines from Henderson: "That it not look like the Loch Ness monster and that it look like Walter Matthau." *Mer-Sheer* is a benign monster, an aquatic dinosaur with a big soft eyes and a wrinkled face that bears a definite resemblance to the star of *Groupie Girl*. In the end, the filmmakers wound up hiring monster computer graphics to create the creature, fearing they could lose an ancient name pugged in the lake. *Mer-Sheer* is a good year, well acted, and the New Zealand scenery is amazing. But the monster looks pretty corny in the dark scenes, which has been dispatching bad guys (from a rival oil company) with the fury of King Kong. It's not easy competing with Hollywood effects in a \$40-million budget.

Although *Mer-Sheer* has found international distribution, this week it's going straight to DVD in North America. "It should have a big theatrical release," laments Anderson, who blames his German co-producers. "We got caught up in an unfortunate series of events that's very upsetting." Maybe Ogopogo just doesn't like being a fish out of water. ■



### WE'RE STALKING: KEIRA KNIGHTLEY

The *Phantom of the Caribbean* sex baby last week finding all quarters that she is asexual. Despite a cover-by-a-dragon! In the end, 100-lb. Knightley stated "I've got a lot of experience with anatomy. My grandmother and my great-grandmother suffer from it. It's not to be taken lightly." No indeed: not when 50 per cent of 10-year-old girls—a huge part of her fan base—don't get fat, giving rise to the terms "fatbitch" and "fatphobia."

# NEW THINSATIONS RECOGNIZE A SIMPLE TRUTH. SOMETIMES YOU JUST WANT TO *Eat The Whole Bag.*



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THE ORIGINAL *60/60* (Bussery, left) has been running since 1978; the new show (Bussery, right) premieres this fall as *60/60+*.

## If you can't beat 'em, join 'em

**French-Canadian TV knows how to make hit shows. Let's just use theirs. Caution ahead.**

BY JACQUE J. NITTELMAN — Can French Cars

disian TV sort English-Canadian TV? Productions Moses Zemerer thinks it can—if not readily, gets changed except the language.

The show *Roseanne*, which premiered in the CMC this fall, is an adaptation of a show that's been running on Quebec TV since 1992. *Roseanne*, a half-hour comedy about people who work at a grocery magazine. As faithful as more than an adaptation, it's almost as exact copy *Roseanne* uses the same scripts as *Roseanne*—translated into English—the same behind-the-scenes crew, and the same stars. The producer of *Roseanne*, Jocelyn Dechêne is working on the English language version too. Only the cast is different.

It's no secret that Quebec has a more vibrant entertainment industry than the rest of Canada: in French Canadian TV, the best shows and stars appear that an anglophone counterpart has never been able to beat. So Zwillenberg reasons it, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em: taking the French Canadian material and bringing it to English Canadian audiences. "It can't do it," he says. "We're selling next door and we're not using it. So I'm saying it."

Actress Sallie LeBlanc, one of the regulars on *Roseanne*, points out an additional advantage of adapting a pre-existing series: the story arc has already been plotted out, so the screenwriters already have their characters' lives mapped out, and they can use that advance knowledge to inform their portrayals. "It's cool that we know what happens by our fourth or fifth week," she says.

But Greg Daniels, who developed the successful American remake of the British show *The Office*, cautions that it's important for the characters in a remake to grow organically, and not copy what happened in the

original "[W]e learned a lot about the cast during the shoot and about the tone during the editing procedure," he explains. "The laughs came from real acting on the part of our cast, not writing in words to cast's work."

An acquaintance of a show can sometimes work. *The Upper Hand*, a British remake of *Will & Grace*, managed a six-year run while using the same scripts as its American predecessor. But the *Antennae* version of the British show *Casualty* naively used scripts from the original, and it bombed. When *Antennae* adapted *The Office*, he used only one script from the British version—the pilot—and created all new scripts for subsequent episodes. Daniels feels that in remaking a show for a different culture, it's important to establish a unique style, no matter whether he says, have the problem of "imitating the original without taking it apart down to gears and building it back for yourself."

Zwargner is taking Decadence's winning formula and cranking on it to work nation-wide. And he doesn't buy the idea that Quebec's shows are culturally alien to the rest of Canada. "They're North American," he says of Quebecers, "as they share a common culture with us." The themes of *Amour* he continues, are universal. "Everyone's looking for love, everyone wants to make money, and everyone's looking to get laid."

But even with a universal theme, can a show that works in Quebec work just as easily in English Canada? Guy Fiermes, chief of the board of directors for the CBC, has argued that the key to the success of Quebec's TV industry is the fact that Quebec produces a lot of shows, which has allowed access to become familiar to Quebec and easier for English-Canada audiences than if there had been a handful of shows. And Fiermes may not be wrong: that the stars of *Remains*, James Hyde and Janis, had worked for years in Quebec, but the stars of *Remains*, David Heylin Jones, has done at least two more north-Canadian tours of American TV shows—another Canadian actor who had to go to the U.S. in his prime. *Remains* was a testament to the strength of the Quebec star system. *Remains* simply reinforces that the rest of Canada doesn't have a star system.

But Ziemer is confident that *Amoreux* will be successful enough to clear the way for other adaptations. "This is just the first of a number of properties," he says. The next project will be an adaptation of another Dechamps show, *Vive Cécile*, a soapy hour-long drama that Ziemer likes to describe as "Dorothy Heatter husband."

For her part, LeBlanc is certain that restoring a French Canadian show will have good results: "It can only get better with time and age, and hanging it out for a sec and time—how could it not be better?"

It could be the biggest thing since the British conquest of Wile's the Sons! ■



**THE HIDEAST CONFLICT... ACCORDING TO TV**  
Today the Vatican condemned Israel's attacks on Hezbollah which was a good thing, because Jesus and Muslims would have been making, "What do the Catholics think?" — Conan O'Brien  
"At a joint press conference with President Bush, German Chancellor Angela Merkel called for a 'de-escalation of Middle East violence.' Later, Bush called for both sides to 'de-angrify and de-hate' each other." —Conan O'Brien



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ASSEM HAKHOUB said he was told by his leader to act the playboy to avoid detection. 'I was proud to carry out my orders.'

## Why John Updike's book is a bomb

**Real-life Islamist terrorists are a whole lot more novelistic than this prissy mouthpiece**

BY MARK STEIN

One of thirty very minor misdeeds of 9/11 was how bad the "good writing" was. I don't quite know why you'd construe a rowdiness to say something about the *The Tower*, but *The New Yorker* made John Updike an offer he couldn't refuse and he got to it. And, even by the standards of the other contributors that week, a *you* punfully inserted, presumably, he thought good for the old grand rightwinger anger routine would have been embarrassing. As it was, the elaborate avoidance thereof was even more cringing, making, alas of his pretense self regarding subversive clause code according to their subject.

"Smile: speckled with bits of paper curled into the deadflossy, and strange, only two toes ran down the giant structure's vertically corrugated surface. It fell straight down like an elevator, with a tinkling shiver and a groin of concussion distinct across the mile of air. An empty spot had appeared, as if by electronic command," etc.

GH, for monoglossia *tailored* back! The ghazal tickle of all those shaven and grown and curling-indeed, stillborn in they let the page. GH's sold that the snows are no longer "real," but on their Tuesday meeting a lot of the cameraman footage looked like glossy gummy versions of Gaudin and *Antiprism*. Day: the moment of a cover's old tape with the crowd's pounding down the sidewalk, like film, comes trying to outrun the fireball or the startled "What the fu— of a street-level New Yorker, as high above him in the sky of sky between the buildings the second plane sailed across the blue and through the south tower. The obscured de-

achment of Updell's prose—"aid by electronic command"—reminded me of England's recent poet laureate sloughing off birthday odes to minor royal darlings.

Perhaps sensing that he hadn't comedy-risen to the occasion, Updike has now given us the Big Novel, an enormous, so Big indeed that its title is simply *Terrorist*. The epic-length monomer—or "monomyth"—is Ahmed, a high school student in a decrepit New Jersey town called New Prospect, who gets mixed up in a plot to blow up the Lincoln Tunnel. And Updike gets stuck into his protagonist from the obscurest scenarios.

*"Devils, Ahmad thanks. These devils seek to take away my God. All day long, at Centura High School, girls sway upstairs and expose their soft bodies and ill-fitting bras. Their bare bellies, adorned with shining navel studs and low down purple tattoos, oh, What else is there to see?"*

What else, indeed? It's doubtful anyone could write "the" novel about Islam today—it is a faith, after all, that can induce everyone from Ontario welfare deadbeats like Steven Ghaddi to the Prince of Wales. We seem to me Update has gone away from the very first world. If Muslims were simply like devout lovers, this whole clutch of contentious ruminations would be a lot more like the London like brothers were not.

stimulus, they are fish's whips, loud and direct, ignored because their fence were. Updike's abashed admission ends a far less so, but bring them the video that aired recently on British television of July 7 (Jihadist Shahid) "Lawyer," his growling off his usual suicide bomber clapping, but as a Norwalker, not Islamic, he denouncing "Death to the Great Satan" in the opening of *Death of Bookkeeping*, or *One Day*. "Death to the Great Satan, etc." That's far creepier and more violent than Updike's opening. It's someone who appears perfectly normal until he gets in the subway car and self-denigrates. As for the revolution at novel's end, compare *Alienated* with *Angels in America*, recently awarded a real life Pulitzer to show up another New York talent—the Holland. Mr. Haineswood and he had been ordered by Osama bin Laden to "live the

of a playboy—love a life of fun and indulgence." That may be what would attract Prince (turning, huh? Just to show how serious only he took his assignment, there was a picture of Azman with those hair hutes [all hair-to-be] on an "interview" in Canada. "I was proud," declared Mr. Harounoud, "to carry out my order"—even though they requested him to lock it up and feed beautiful infidels all week long. But it's okay, because he was smiling cheek to Allah. So be genuinely put on a brave show of partying like it's 1999 even though, as a devout Muslim, he'd obviously *not* much party like it's 1999.

Like Richard Tenebris, Aaron Hammoud

seems a more widely available alternative than *Almond*. In fact, as that opening paragraph suggests, *Almond* is little more than "the most up-to-date synthetic discourse for contemporary America filtered through some rather unconvincing Romantic idealism. Here's another example: Joryleyn, a black gal who crops coming on to Almond, tries to get him to pose up on his 'pussy.' 'What about all them virgins on the other side?' What happens to pussy when those young men martyrs get there, all full of words?"

"My teacher at the mosque," explains Ahmad, "thinks that the dark-eyed vagrants are symbols of a blasphemous image. It is typical of the sex obsessed West that it has seized upon this image, and ridicules Islam because of it."

"He who washes my body around my gut, it is should wear gloves so that I am not touched there."

He'd grown the trouble of his hair into a pillar half the day before the mission and the principal preoccupation of his last will and testament was that the old Frank-and-Jane (if he'll forgive such a phrase: Frank and Jane) should make it to paradise without being contaminated by infidels and slaves.

So pretty much any Marston reverent, big or small, is going to be disappointed by *Star Wars* and *West* than *Updell's* Jerry boy. How'd that happen? The author certainly did his research, assuming it to encompass Jerry's father's man, for example, drawn the hell attention to a "rather amazing controversy over the scholarly debate of a German specter in ancient Middle Eastern tongue, one Chatslogh Lumberg." A couple of pages back, if you recall, professor Lumberg suggested that the 72 black-eyed virgins brought a millennium and that was it. (July 27, 1997, p. 100.)

It's not that *Updell's* Jerry is a "13-foot-tall Starfist. Busted,"—that particular mistake would make *Updell's* significantly less attractive. For many would say "a"

Westerners Muslims are not without their dilemmas. My old friend Ghani Aljundi, a well-known scholar of Islam, says, "If the Muslim cabinet ministers in the world, after some public skirmishing over my plans for the destruction of the House of Saud, were to see a copy of his novel with the exact same conclusion 'To Mark Ambassadors, Ghani

And yet I wonder there's not a mosque in North America where the imam goes to tell young Muslims to destroy the enemies in Allah by engaging in very dissanguinated metaphysics, very obscure and literary interpretations. "Christoph Luxemburg" is a pseudo-eyon, the author was allowed not to publish his scholarly work. The *Syn-Armenian* *Review* of the *Korun* under his own name on the grounds that Mustafa Kemal died by the 73rd anniversary might decide to kill him. *What Uplife is doing* here is imposing the default literary usage of English letters—armenology—on a world in which it is largely absent, and, in rare occurrences, life theorems. Islam is very literal, that's one of its problems.

That said, there's a smattering of three-dimensional realizations near to the nose: Jews and Israeli girls-green eyes, freckles, red hair, pale skin and blacks (with names like Tyler Jones), all die together: nearly anagrammatically, the Jewish guidance counselor's first-born wife's name in a secretary's name, and the secretary's name in a girl's name. And, as a bonus, the girl's name, *Amos*, is a pig following further: while for the purpose of being able to conceal the dough for the secretary operation: make an acronym: *An Omelet? Goldie?* You can't help feeling that real omelets would find less charming connotations for such disbursement unless they were forced into using furniture, or were more likely to display an EZ Bag reflection, or but an omelette in the land of powdered sugar. I could imagine you can't a big-time omelet for.

MACLEAN'S  
BESTSELLERS

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**Fiction** LAST WEEK  
reviewed 6 out of 7

HCALISE

1	ELITE FRANÇAISE by Pierre Nolomovsky	1.24
2	THE BIRTH HOUSE by Joel Myerson	8.00
3	AFRO by Gwendolyn Carver	2.00
4	TERRACOTTA by John Updike	3.00
5	PIECE OF MY HEART by Peter Rabjohn	4.00
6	THEFT by Peter Carey	7.00
7	WOMEN OF LONGING by Leonard Cohen	10.00
8	TWELVE SHARP by David Elmerbach	4.00
9	SHOOTING TO AMERICA by Anne Tyler	9.00
10	L'ONCHINASTA by Gaudin Miskin	0.00

### Non-fiction

1	THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME by Martin Gilbert	4.00
2	HAMLET & ME by John Gross	7.50
3	DISPATCHES FROM THE EDGE by Anselm Clepper	0.00
4	HEAT by Bill Buford	10.00
5	THE WEATHER MAKERS by Tom Flannery	3.00
6	THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY by David Shields	16.00
7	ROUGH CROSSINGS by Simon Schama	9.00
8	STUNNING ON HAPPINESS by Daniel Gilbert	2.00
9	THE ISLAND OF SEVEN CITIES by Paul Chubb	0.00
10	THE BROOMFANS by Nicholas Pash	0.00

ated lies upon the pin of coarseness," the author seems to be receding through metaphor from the first diagnosis. Two years ago, after-time-traveler, Lawrence Sanders, wrote a book called *Howl at Night: An Original Investigation in Fiction* (and, indeed, *Murdered*) like *Life Update*. Mrs. Adams like the story from the Madison Square plot of view, and asymmetrically. But, unlike here, she brings to life a second particular world in which innocent acts—frequent visits to a strange border—can attract the wrong kind of attention. In its strife of self-defense, *Update*'s book is enough to make one drop out of the novel's art: this is one of the most interestingly subjective attempts to re-narrate a narrative I've ever read. Or, as it is, an strange little moment that struts down like an elevator.



**FINALLY A BOOK ABOUT...THE FIRST CELEBRITY CHEF**  
Alain Ducasse was the toast of London's gourmands in the 1930s, when he created 38-course banquets. During the 1940s War, he set up a Dublin soup kitchen that fed 9,750 people a day. And he egged the press to report his good work. *Worth-Cookin's Alain: The Extraordinary Life of Alain Ducasse* charts his career as, among many other things, an author of cookbooks that plugged his many products, including his own brand of bottled sauces.

TABLE 4. A. B. RICHARDS, JR. AND J. W. WILSON, 1977, P. 1084-1085

KIND OF CHEESE: Through all his transformations—from crime fighter to *Baywatch* to popstar—the Wolf's hair has gone unchanged

## 'Too sexy for my shirt, too sexy...'

**David Hasselhoff is back—as bronzed and as desperate to stay in the spotlight as ever**

BY JOHN FIFOLI • Fifteen minutes into the Knight Rider pilot, David Hasselhoff appeared for the first time as Michael Knight, his face totally wrapped in bandages. At the time, the young actor had a loyal fan base of screaming teenage girls, thanks to seven years in a soap opera suit, *The Snapper*, *Forever II*, on *The King and the Queen*. That, of course, was nothing compared to the fame he'd achieve after the steps of games were set atop in that September of 1983—revolving to millions of prime-time viewers his charmed jaw, smoky-blue eyes and very brown hair. Nearly a quarter century later, the crime-fighter turned lifelong record producer refuses to go away. In fact, he's everywhere: Hasselhoff was in the audience, then of *Toy Soldiers* in a bromantic sketch, at the *Armored All Stars* in May when Taylor Hicks was crowned the winner. A month later, he served commentary at the NBA Finals after Dallas Mavericks star Dirk Nowitzki admitted to singing one of Hasselhoff's tunes to keep calm at the five-three loss. The 54-year-old was the big crowd, co-starring in Adam Sandler's hot office film, *Click*, and, as a perverted one-liner to anyone who has ever doubted all his acting prowess, on the small screen as a celebrity cop on *American Cops*.

In 1994, C-lister Hoff, Hasselhoff has also scored plenty of fodder for the tabloids. He and his wife, Pamela Bach, are getting divorced after 36 years. (A judge has ordered that Hasselhoff remain 100 yards from her.) His most eye-searing controversy came to regular viewers looking in his right rear after a bizarre shoving incident that involved him smugly bending over a chair. And two weeks ago, he was reportedly kicked out of London's All-England Club after showing up

drunk to Wimbledon. (The incident was later denied by Hasselhoff and Wimbledon officials.)

Like Chuck Norris—who prolonged his career by starring in Taitelbaum's *Baywatch*—Hasselhoff is a weird cult figure. He's inspired hundreds of websites, some on his own. Most aren't. People love to hate this guy, make a costly why he's still in the pop culture radar. How else could he be a bad actor, and an even worse singer, become the most watched man in TV history—a billion people in 143 nations watched *Lo*. Much like *Baywatch* and the *Baywatch* cast every week—and a European singing sensation (all earlier albums sold 100,000 copies, don't forget)—Hasselhoff has made a name for himself. His *Baywatch* feature was once estimated at \$100 million. And for those who don't, he'll share all his sugar-coated success stories in his autobiography, *My Way*, which will be out in September—after which Hasselhoff plans to go back into the studio to record a pop album, which will be produced by his long-time friend, Michael Jackson.

The CD will be a career shift from the schlocky *Baywatch* he's learned the European answers with since his 1980 debut, *Night Rider*. Songs, however, won't let off the pop machine just. His biggest hit, *Looking for Freedom*, spent an inhuman year on the charts. The album to get 75,000 people—songs firmly established

to download the songs on the same day and catapult it to the top of the British charts. Nearly 25,000 people have signed up since April.

It's unlikely that he includes many *Acute* songs, considering that Hasselhoff's singing career—all seven albums—has been ignored at home. *Concave*, on the other hand, can't go enough. This was never more obvious than in 1999 when *Looking for Freedom* was released, around the same time the Berlin Wall was crumbling. For some, it became an anthem. It played a gig at the No. 2 and Hasselhoff even led a cut from atop the crumbling wall for a German magazine. He later complained to a *Rolling Stone* magazine that he never received the proper respect for helping to bring the nation together. "I find it a bit sad that there is no photo of me hanging on the wall to the Berlin Museum."

Hasselhoff has never been guilty of modesty. Remember, it's on the way who should be downed off his middle-aged and—wanting to show more about the *Baywatch* credits in nothing but a bad hair day and a bad hair day. Think about it, his career statistics, he gets that he's a joke. He's actually going around the world to an unimpressive talking act. (RTT) was always the voice of the two) and then it's *Paradise* (Adelman's) last. Most recently, he appeared in himself on *The Wolf* and *The Family Guy* and modeled his Olympic as a couple of films (Dagbladet and *Spiegel* just about anything for the spotlight. ■

### STOP THE PRESSES... REFFING SOCCER IS HARDER

"This was a huge honor to be the World Cup match between the Netherlands and Portugal," said "Netherlands" referee, "made the pitch his home," and with an intense kick his finger pointed out the line. A moment later, a referee (Michael Ryan) "This was a totally inappropriate and offensive metaphor, the use of which the referee regrets. Sixteen people died after being shot by Ryan in the Marianne tower of Hungerford in 1997." —Guardian, July 4

VIRTUAL WRAP-UP: New games from left) *Death Force*, America's Army and *Quarant*, which seeks to fight the negative stereotypes of U.S. games

## They're rated 'T' for troubling

**The intifada is now a video game. Players pass checkpoints and burl rocks at Israeli forces.**

BY REBECCA ADDELMAN • If he'd hoped to turn the Lebanese against the Hezbollah, it will have to do more than drop bombs—it'll have to send every child's computer. It's the only way to ensure that kids aren't playing the Hezbollah video game, *The Children of Jerusalem*. Released in 2004, the game reveals the details of the Hamas and Hezbollah's only day in the sun. Players are attacked by them all over the globe, from the Middle East to the head. In the game's opening clip, children bang the Israeli flag while shouting, "Jerusalem belongs to us!" And it's just one of many games being produced in the Middle East, for a Middle Eastern audience. Under Siege, a recent offering from Syria-based Al-Fatah Media, portrays the Palestinian intifada. Playing as the hero, Ahmad, you must disarm Israeli soldiers, the Jewish settlers who murdered 300 people in the 1994 Oslo Intifada. You must pass through checkpoints and burning rocks at Israeli forces.

Al-Fatah Media was founded in 2002 by five former engineers. Rahman Karam, with the express purpose of making Muslim role models in video games. "The image generation doesn't get the information from the news," says Karam. "They get it from movies, games, pop culture." With *Under Siege* in progress, Under Al-Fatah, Karam is trying to build a negative stereotype of Palestinians and Muslims in video games and terrorism. Here, Muslims and Arabs are the good guys. "We're trying to reproduce a spirit that forced the Islamic civilization," he says, "a civilization that accepted all other races and religions." In September, Al-Fatah will release *Quarant*, a strategy game set around the 700 CE. Playing as a Babylonian, Persian, Arab or Roman, you must navigate landmarks in Islamic history. At the

battle at Medina, pagan players will face a question: should they embrace Islam and join the Prophet, or keep fighting alone?

Arab's games are not unique to more common U.S. companies played by Middle Eastern kids. In games like *Death Force* and *Quarant*, the heroes (almost exclusively U.S. soldiers) put off every Arab who they're fighting. These games continue to be played in Syria, Iraq and Palestine because they have high production values and are easy to find. America's Army, a recruiting tool for the U.S. Army, used to be available free on its web site. Over 14 million people played it in its first six months. Then there's *Korea Reality Games*, which makes free, downloadable games based on U.S. missions, such as *Under Siege* and *Quarant*. Last month and *Quarant* 2001, a reimagining of the battle at Yonkers with U.S. forces surrounding the al-Qaeda cave.

Korea also makes *Assault on the*, in which the U.S. disarms Tehran's biggest nuclear facility. Iranian developers said it as a franchise, even as Tehran has no outlets outside the U.S. marketplace. Now, the United States of Islamic Brotherhood in Iran is making their own game, *Commemorative Jihad*, to be released next March. Karam will release an abstract Iranian version learned in Karam's mission and return his home.

While the U.S. games that portray Arabs

as evil have provoked little reaction, Arab's products have sparked a furore. The Jerusalem Post noted against a level in *Under Siege* where characters were to be made homeless—though no such level exists. And last year, after the London bombings, the New York Times' Thomas Friedman and others pointed at finger at U.S.-based Islamic games. The company's *Under Siege* Defiant 1, which contains a world in 2014 under Islamic rule, was sold in London, where some of the suicide bombers were from. According to Friedman, it probably influenced them. But *Under Siege* is a futuristic game in which the enemies are robots. His crash course in public events explains here.

One of the main criticisms of Arab's intifada games is that they simply reverse stereotypes. Arabs are all good, and it's Jews who are all evil. And even though the violence in the hands of children, "it's not a problem with my kids playing them," says Shadi Hajar, external coordinator for the Solidarity of Palestinian Nations Rights in Montreal. "The games (inspire) violence and are anti-American, whether they're American, Arab or Muslim based." For now, though, Karam says he's not planning to change his way to put Muslims in control of their physics. "We are just reflecting the dark image of the Middle Eastern conflict," he says. "People may blame the mirror, and my brother, but that wouldn't improve the real image." ■



### THE NEXT LEVEL: DEAD VIEWS IN THE WOOD

It was supposed to be a bottom competitor to the bestselling game-based game *Grand Theft Auto*. But shortly before it was to come out, Midway Games put a bullet through the head of *Fear & Anguish*. The motive: concerns over a mounting backlash toward *GTA's* violence. Nothing is solid. Says Midway's marketing chief Steve Alfano: "We have enough data points to know this head thing is dead. And you don't need to come out on a dead horse."

**HOMECOMING** Bad Pile what returns to its home out of Ontario this month with the arrival of Jamie Kennedy's new 'Buffy' season.

**A Toronto celebrity chef is helping a cross-Canada revival of the heritage grain Red Fife**

**BY PAMELA GUTHERM** • Baker Rebecca Stewart is making history as the first openly gay restaurateur of celebrity chef Jamie Kennedy in downtown Toronto. Starting this month, the recent graduate of the Stratford (Ont.) School is delivering award-winning sourdough loaves made with an heirloom Canadian grain—and in the process reclaiming Red Fife wheat to its home turf of Ontario.

But is the smell of fresh-baked breads putting some noses out of joint? Not Pili, the genetic parent to most bread wheat grown in North America, now has dubious legal status as a *Grain* product not approved for human consumption. Nonetheless, says Kennedy and Smart, who are part of a rising grassroots movement of restaurants, organic farmers, artisan bakers and activists from Whitehorse to Nova Scotia asserting the heritage variety to us farmers closer.

In the 1940s, a packet of seeds travelled from Scotland to a small plot near Peterborough. One immigrant Norwegian farmer, David Fife, struggling to find his family had written to a friend back home in search of seeds, and set in motion the cultivation of Canada's wheat industry.

The grain had all the right properties for the territory: early maturation and rust resistance. Bakewell, farmowner and miller, favored it for its exceptional flavor, and Red Fife, named for its ruddy colour and its pioneer, was scattered across Ontario, then into the U.S. Midwest. It became the single most important seed to sow wealth across Western Canada. But until recently, little was left of this legacy except a plaque off Highway 2 east of Dutchmanstown.

The Canadian Wheat Board sells all west and Canadian wheat and barley destined for

human consumption, as opposed to a natural feed, which is registered with the Canadian Food Inspection Agency. Like most heritage grains, Red Fife isn't on the CFIA radar, in part because it's a "folk seed" that is generally unsuitable, which means it adapts and changes according to its environment. For now, Red Fife is being sold as seed for feed, even though it is milled for the table and not the trough.

Marie Lofthouse, the county's biggest supplier, recently organized a group of 23 fellow farmers into the Future Red Pile Organic Growers Co-operative Ltd. His interest in the grain began with agonomist and seed-saver Sharpe Kempe, 50, of Newmarket, B.C., who in 1981 started the Heritage Wheat Project, a preservation trust of seven early Canadian wheat strains including Red Pile. The project continues today, joined by a similar initiative in Nova Scotia, the McIntyre Lofthouse House Red Pile "primarily for the sake. It's a wonderful thing. It's the only wheat we raise."

The taste is also what inspired chef Kennedy to track it down. "It has a distinctive nutty flavor," he says, breaking some bread with Spaur after a lunch that, in a small place of olive oil on the side for dipping. Two years ago, Kennedy learned about Red Fife at a trade conference in Turin, Italy, where baker Cliff Lott of Victoria's Wildfire Bakery and

Lowell seemed up to promote the story of Bad Pete and take her on-site.

Minneapolis is growing. Vancouver's Emery Griffin has a chapter of Red Wile flour on the way. Whitehouse's Alpine Bakery, Cherries Mayfair Bakery in Saskatoon, the Renaissance Bakery in Trenton, N.C., and Calgary's River Café are all ordering the high-gluten hard-wheat Spawell's Flour Mill in New Brunswick has commissioned a new supplier in Nova Scotia to manufacture. The Red Wile Sourdough, a small group of artisanal bakers, including a family living on the original Red Wile, is experimenting with growing the property's sourdough wheat: "Purple wheat can grow Red Wile. It's a matter of something strong and something like Canada's Green Revolution."

Lalonde has found a legal path for selling Red Life. He uses a producer-direct-sale system set up for organic farmers by the CFI that circumvents grants going through the elevator (and avoids cross-contamination with non-organic products). "We declare it as a feed wheat, which acknowledges that it's not registered. It's a poo the buyer knows it's not one fit."

Sell, a strong system in France that bans any sale of heritage objects has long been controversial for the future. "It's a big trap we have in Canada, that we won't be allowed to bring these heritage works to market." The farmer's worries resonated with experience: history has proven it is possible to forget the seed that sowed the nation's western wealth. ■

This December, Wilbur promises to be the cutest pig on the silver screen since Babe. More du bious the idea of Julia Roberts voicing Charlotte. ([charlottesweb.miramax.com](http://charlottesweb.miramax.com))

Adolescents will be judged on spins and fire at the second annual National Cannonball Championship (Kronos, July 35). "Bring it on, bullseye," taunts 2003 champ Mark Russell, whose buttcock-first technique includes the "ticking time bomb" and "the volcano."



**FROM**  
The first

The first season of Comedy Central's *Dr. & Professional Therapist* is readily available on DVD. Then unknowns Dr. Criss, Dave Chappelle, Sarah Silverman and the actors' star-struck guests Leary, Kevin Nealon, Ben Stiller, Julia Louis-Dreyfus and Janeane Garofalo also loaned their voices to the script. (They were given an outline

Plus, West Hollywood had the "Blue Building" (1975), [chea.com](http://chea.com) the "Green Building" (1988), Plans for the Pacific Design Center's third—the "Red Building"—were recently unveiled by Cesar Pelli (the architect behind the Petronas Twin Towers in Kuala Lumpur).

Gently remind your loved ones to do right by you. Don Corleone-style, by lowering a covered horse-head pillow in their beds. ([kristenriddle.com](http://kristenriddle.com))

Anglo-Mexican Traditions and Transgression in British Fashion at the Metropolitan Museum of Art offers modern interpretations of design choices. Set to the sound of lightning crows, it includes Stella McCartney's subversive contribution: a woman in a tight white pantalon beside Johnny Rotten pinks, whose mohawk are made of tinspots and cigarette Britannia tins. ([www.nytimes.com](http://www.nytimes.com))

**Camera Obscura**, the two-piece Glaswegian (their last CD was called *Underneath the Pine* by Mordor), achieve more polished arena pop with *Let's Get Out of the Country*.

Staten Islanders will soon have their garbage vacuum sucked at speeds of 300 km/h. Homeowners simply turn their trash into dust and blow it directly into the street. The result? No air and noise pollution from garbage trucks. (And a better-looking neighborhood—especially on hot summer days.)

How to turn your  
sweat on these  
long, lazy days at  
the lake? With a remote-  
controlled shark—inspired by the  
terrifying nature picture, from the se-  
rifying No. 1 bestseller, based on the  
Jersey Shore shark attacks. Like  
the sleek swimming real thing, this version  
moves side to side and up and down, and can dive  
to 300 metres. (harmachar.com)

Suspended 30 m from a crane and strapped in, up to 22 people can feast from one high at Belgium's newest dining experience ([dinerindiscreet.com](http://dinerindiscreet.com))

With the arrival of the camera, some artists ignored the point-of-view was dead—especially when photographing the Marooned William Nassau. begins blending mechanics by releasing crowd scenes in 1870. Contemporary Canada broad that tradition, blurring truth and objectivity in the exhibit *The Finest Photograph*, at the *Carla Busa Museum of Contemporary Photography* until November.

## BARBARA STRUDENSKY

1925-2006

**Suddenly, the lifelong Jewish housewife was serving hot dogs. Heartbreak hardened into cynicism.**

Barbara Strudensky, née Abramovich, was born on Dec. 15, 1925, in Montreal, the youngest of six and last of nine. Her father was the proprietor of the family's beauty parlor on Park Avenue in Montreal's working-class Jewish district. At 16, the married Marlene Strudensky, giving birth within a year to her first child, Steven, Barry would come three years later, and Andrea, the youngest, eight years after that. She was an exceptional housewife, raising her children through such home-cooked staples as salmon, pizzas and green beans and keeping her fridge stocked with brown (and other) She was tall, slim and beautiful, her nails and hair as meticulous as the house she kept.

"My mother was taught that you get married and someone takes care of you," says Steven. "That's what she brought into."

There was one rule that left Barbara no choice but to bother her mother for her coffee and cigarettes in the morning: Barbara was a graphic novelist, filling the kitchen and desk of the family's Côte Saint-Luc apartment with her past and present work from her long career in art and design. She started at 15, and was something of a prodigy, selling by the time she was married. Her first book design, by trade, had her own father, choosing literary dreams, and in 1975 he and the house split up after 25 years of marriage.

It was to be the first and most devastating of what she referred to as "the earthquakes in life." At 43, she was alone with no way to make ends meet. She picked up some work as a manicurist, using the skills she had learned as a child from her mother. It wasn't enough. The horizon of her suburban dream had fallen out from under her, and she became very depressed.

Barbara's brother-in-law Sydney Thelma (her sister Sylvia's husband) owned Restaurant Émile in Montreal, a trendy spot in Saint-Henri, a working-class district dominated by Italian and Irish immigrants. When Sydney died in 1985, Sylvia and Barbara took over the business at the time, popular hole-in-the-wall known for its homemade pepper beer. All of a sudden, the two lifelong Jewish housewives were serving "saxons," fish and horseradish of the spicy, carbonated concoction to the restaurant's mostly francophone clientele.

For Barbara, it was another old life's worth of ups and downs. She didn't speak a word of French. She learned the basics "chew" meant cabbage, "mashed" meant "mashed," and every order had to be peppered with "Please do you pepper?" ("For here or to go?") "My mother could never really speak French," says Barry, her youngest son. "She spoke the language of her own lips."

She also began reading newspapers cover-to-cover, and switched

from Danielle Steel novels to the scuffed, belittled press of *Mondo as Rocker*. Her friends were now the laborers, police officers and journalists who frequented Émile's. In her former life, confidence was an advantage over a country life, now there were health inspectors, language police and landlords to deal with. With this, Barbara's heartbreak hardened into cynicism. "She ceased to identify for herself, that she wasn't going to take this, she was going to do what she had to do," Barry says. The owner at Émile's was a war zone, and Barbara in general. Still, but no fury like that in a

service for anyone who bothered her with anything about a murder between 10:30 a.m. and 2 p.m. when she was serving the line of customers that often soaked around the corner.

In 1989, another earthquake. The restaurant burned to the ground and Sylvia, who didn't take to the hot dog trade as easily as her sister, had never looked back with the insurance. Barbara got a bank loan and reopened six weeks later, at 54, she became a business owner for the first time in her life.

Among the "Friends of the restaurant" in many of the male customers were known, was Barry Flaxbaum, who in 1981 began brewing and bottling the spruce beer when the first brewer was retired. Soon enough, he and Barbara were an item.

The restaurant, though, was falling apart, and was in danger of falling prey to Saint-Henri's burgeoning condo market. Barbara moved around the corner in 2004, into a building bought by the firm.

It was decorated the same way: bright yellow walls with red ties, cluttered with pictures of celebrity couples and newspaper clippings. Barbara, though, never wanted to move. She'd had enough earthquakes.

On May 24—a week before Montreal's smogging ban was to come into effect—Barbara finished the lunchtime shift and nearly collapsed. Her daughter-in-law took her to the clinic, where the doctor advised her to go to the emergency room. Barbara would have none of it; she would spend one more night at her Côte Saint-Luc apartment. "I feel like this is the last time I'll be here," she said.

It was. The next day, the doctor at the Jewish General Hospital found that cancer in her lungs had spread throughout her body. Barbara took up residence at the hospital, heading out five times a week to see friends and family, and following patients, and confounding the nurses with her constant smoker breaks outside. On the night of July 2, Andrea went to see her, turning down Barbara's pleas and telling her mother she was greatly loved. Barbara Strudensky died early the next morning. BY MARVIN PATRICKSON



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